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A KING'S GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

BY AUGUSTUS VAN CLEEF.

HAVING succeeded, by an attempt at too radical reforms and innovations, in ending the reign of a King of whom she was an all-powerful favorite, a handsome and brilliant Irishwoman, with a dash of Hispano-Moresque blood in her veins, came to New York, in the same ship with Kossuth, and devoutly closed a picturesquely variegated career as actress,

dancer, lecturer and politician in petticoats, with the religious ministrations of the late Reverend Doctor Hawks. of Calvary Church, and is at rest in Greenwood.

Among the tangible evidences of a stay in this country, which made her name and that of Louis the First of Bavaria as household words in the middle of the last century, is a little book credited to Mme. Lola

Montez, Countess of Landsfeld, and entitled "The Arts of Beauty," which ap-"hints to gentlemen on the art of fas- disproof. tion among the belles and beaux of the day. nose and lip, and luxuriant chevelure.

The introductory remarks in this somewhat prized little volume seem apropos to an account of the famous Gallery of Beauty which was created, like most of what has made modern Munich a capital of the arts, by King Ludwig, and which has become one of the sights of the world. Says Madame Lola (who by the way was christened Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert): 'When Aris-

totle was asked why everybody was so fond of beauty, he replied, 'It is the question of a blind man.' Socrates described it as 'a short-lived tyranny;' and Theophrastus called it 'a silent fraud.' Most of these old philosophers spoke in great scorn and derision of the arts employed by the females of their time for display and preservation." Most of this is rather hard on beauty in par-



ticular and womanhood in general. But against such slanders the ladies of the peared in New York city in 1858, and, Munich Schönheiten Gallerie remain in with its "secrets of a lady's toilet" and serene, complacent and beautifully evident Their refutation is on every cinating"-the latter decidedly sarcastic, satin-smooth skin, in each finely modeled by the way-caused somewhat of a sensa- form, in every eloquent eye, well-drawn

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HELENE SEDLMAYER BURGHER'S DAUGHTER OF MUNICH.

women than to be beautiful. Taken in the best meaning of that word, it may be fairly questioned if there is any higher mission for women on earth. But whether there is, or is not, there is no such thing as making female beauty play a less

part than it already does, in the admiration of man and in the ambition of woman. With great propriety, if it did not spoil the meter, we might alter Mr. Pope's famous line of poetry on happiness so as to make it

ROSALIE JULIE VON BONAR.

"Oh beauty! our being's end and aim."

All of which must be very sad reading for the women's clubs.

There is a very general impression that the late King Ludwig I., the centenary of whose birth was celebrated with artistically picturesque and even barbaric display, with its procession of elephants, at Munich and elsewhere in Bavaria, in July, · 1888, was a very gay and frivolous person. For this, in America at least, the memory and traditions of Lola Montez are chiefly responsible. But though his love for living female beauty equaled probably his love for the fine arts, of which he was such a munificent patron, it is but just to his memory to say that the standing Munich has to-day is due to the founder of the Glyptothek and the new Pinakothek, who also admirably carried to completion the much it inspired

Continues Ma- old Pinakothek projected by his father, (and King Maximilian I.

It is undeniable, however, that one of the greatest attractions for visitors to the country he ruled from 1825 to 1848, was furnished as a result of the lighter phase of his character. The Gallery of Beauty was conceived as part of the decorations of the Festsaalbau, or Festival Room Building, built 1832-1842, by Leo von Klenze. as one of the group of Royal Residence has yet allowed no Buildings, where the pictures fill two rooms. higher 'mission' to Here the charms of beauty of person, and

interest in the individual, are added to those of art, and from the mirror thus held up to nature, it is evident that court life in Munich, if possibly a trifle gav at times, was certainly very gracious.

It was in 1805 that Ludwig, then a young man of scarcely twenty and heir to the Bavarian throne, formed, under the influence of the monuments of Rome, the idea of founding at his own expense, in the capital of his country, a museum of antique sculpture, and also one for modern works of pictorial art. And was it not natural, after his pursuit

in the collections of Italian nobles brought to the mart, and among the excavations in Italy and Greece, that the ripening influence of advancing years should inspire the search for beauty in every

ELISABETH LIST.

form? Thus came the idea of the permanent record of its living embodiments in shop and street, in court and castle.

Ludwig's ambition could hardly give cause for jealousy, as far as he himself was concerned, however



CAROLINE LIZIUS.



CHARLOTTE VON HAGN, OF THE COURT THEATER, MUNICH.

that feeling among those he chose for pictured fame. He naturally admired them all, and you may be sure

that the distinction of being included in the King's Gallery was much sought after by the women in and about the Bavarian court. And on the other hand, the task of gathering the flowers for this international bouquet of beauty, which has some kinship with the Fagnani pictures of the Muses, now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and for which well-known women of society posed in the generation before the last, was no light task. It took thirtyseven years to produce nearly the same number of portraits-from 1824 to 1861. Court Painter Joseph Stieler began, at the age of thirty-seven, the labors which ended with his life at nearly threescore, in 1858.

So for nearly half his existence he painted the beauties of the town, the stage and the court. What a fund of reminiscences he must have had before and behind the scenes. But what a life they must have led him. these ladies, anxious to be pictured at their best-tradesmen's daughters in rivalry with noblewomen, and stage celebrities eager to outshine the royalties whose prototypes they sometimes impersonated on the boards.

And then there was



ANNA KAULA.



COUNTESS IRENE OF ARCO-STEPPBERG.

the patron, that art and beauty amateur, the King, a somewhat querulous and finicky gentleman to judge

from his portraits. Ludwig, if he was somewhat of a merry monarch, was in face, form and temperament no Henry the Eighth or even Edward the Seventh. He had even an ascetic air, and with his long nose, firm and thin lips, not too luxuriant mustache and goatee, and hair flaring off rather wildly from the ears, he might well have changed his military uniform for a cardinal's robe and become a Richelieu.

But eccentric as certainly was the grandfather of Wagner's friend, Louis II., and the present even more unfortunate King Otto, he cannot be justly said to have been frivolous. His appearance was more prepossessing than that of his son, the

self-conscious and selfsatisfied-looking Maximilian II.—who made a good King nevertheless, but a severe father.

But a truce to the collector, attractive subject though he be in a way, and place for the collection. Here is a subject for much admiration and as much discussion. What a series of chapters grave and gay, what epitomes or forecasts of women's lives, in these handsome faces, with all the joy of living in the eyes of most of them, but with



COUNTESS MARIA OF LANDSFELD



an occasional judgment on hint of sadness their charms. and perhaps of They are the tragedy. some of their rious countries lives there is - England, record, if on the Russia, Italy, stage or near the and, naturally throne, but with in greater part, many of them Germany. it is silence.

Most of them ladies range yond, leaving Sedlmayer, the

to gaze upon and wonder at, to give a of a shoemaker (who belonged to one of the glance and a guess whether theirs was in patrician families of the city), painted by the sum of life good hap or misfortune.



MARCHIONESS FLORENZI.

It is certain the

uous ball-room of the Festsaalbau, you who, richly decked with jewels, was painted find yourself in the rooms of the Schön- in 1828 in her favorite character of Thekla heiten Gallerie, that democracy of beauty in Schiller's where, set forth in far greater part by the



LADY IANTHE ELLENBOROUGH.

suave brush of stein," and Painter Stieler, queens, princesses, women, act- on a theatresses, ballet- rical career by dancers, and wedding Bardaughters of on Oven; and more or less the humble citi- eyed Antonia zens, having Wallinger, won the ap- the balletproval of the dancer, whom King, now ap- Painter Stie-



In rank these



have passed be- from Helene ANTONIA WALLINGER, DANCER

only their pictures there for you and me beautiful and charmingly dressed daughter Stieler with evident gusto and his best skill And before we visit them, here is a ques- in 1831, and who took for a husband one tion which sug- Muller, a footman probably employed at gests itself at the palace; and Maria Dietsch, the Munich the moment, tailor's simply clad daughter, painted How did many nineteen years later; to Marie, Queen of of these proud Bavaria, a lovely creature of truly noble ladies like and regal aspect, and to Sophia of Bavaria, rubbing shoul- Archduchess of Austria and mother of the ders with their present Emperor. Queen Marie was a humbler sisters, Prussian Princess, whose two sons, the late much as they and the present King, strongly resembled may have her. But Helene Sedlmayer, albeit of wished to enter hardly so aristocratic a type, cedes nothing this great to either of the royal and imperial ladies beauty contest? in beauty or apparent refinement.

There are two shining lights of the stage King cared not. in their day, the sweetly placid, oval-faced As you step from the great and sumpt- Charlotte von Hagn, of the Court Theater,

> "Wallenfinally set the familiar ennoble- nobling seal honestpeal to your ler has pict-



AMALIE VON SCHINTLING.

ured in the graceful simplicity of Greek costume bearing a cup, perhaps as Hebe. Intelligence lies in every feature as does beauty in every line, of both the actress and the dancer, the latter of whom at last settled down with a final pirouette into the placid respectability of Frau von Ott. She was painted in 1840.

Of the other two stage celebrities who figure in the collection, one is Lola Montez, and the other is Wilhelmina Sulzer, who afterward became Frau Schneider, her husband being a clerk in the office of the Bavarian Ministry of War. She is an at-

tractive and intelligent woman, and evidently in the costume of one of Schiller's dramas.

It might be thought that the aristocrats of King Ludwig's collection would be gathered in one gallery and the bourgeoisie and balletdancers in another, but little or no distinction has been made. though the royalties are all in the second room, which opens on the eastern side into the splen-

second title from the fourteen pictures of famous bactles that figure on its walls.

In the first room there appears, with the picture of Helene Sedlmayer to rival and surpass it in beauty and with a distinction of its own which has something of the early Italian about it, the portrait of Cornelia Vetterlein. She is dressed and coifed in Middle Age style, and her Venetian necklace of small iridescent shells, her bandeau and ear-rings of pearl, accentuate the poetic beauty of her face and the fine modeling of her neck. Fräulein Vetterlein, who afterward became Baroness Knisberg, was painted among the earliest of the women, in 1828.

We find a sharp contrast in the portrait Herr Stieler painted in 1831 of an English noblewoman, Lady Ianthe Ellenborough, who was born Miss Digby. The costume and accessories are intended to recall the work of the famous English painters of the eighteenth century. Lady Ellenborough has a face which with its clear uplifted gaze would have inspired Byron.

And this lady had a career that would indeed have inspired a poet. It was most varied and picturesque, and one of the many romances of the British peerage. Miss lanthe Elizabeth Digby, only daughter of Admiral Digby, married as his second wife, on September 15, 1824, Edward, second Baron Ellenborough, afterward (on his return in 1844 from India, where he had



COUNTESS CAROLINE OF HOLNSTEIN.

did Banquet or Battle Hall, which takes its been Governor-General) Viscount Southam and Earl of Ellenborough. By him she had an only child, Arthur Dudley, born in 1828, and dying in 1830, the year the marriage was dissolved by act of Parliament.

The divorced Lady Ellenborough probably met her second husband, Charles, Baron Venningen, in Munich, for she married him on November 10, 1832, a year after the Munich portrait was painted. It is not recorded what became of the Baron,



COUNTESS OF WALDBOTT-BASSENHEIM.

but the lady found her third husband in Greece in the person of General Sheik Medjuel el Mazgrab, of the Greek army. And fourthly she married, according to the records, an Oriental magnate named, curiously, Midjouel. It seems likely, however, that there were only three marriages. The lady died at Damascus on August 11, 1881.

Of that finely featured young woman, Amalie von Schintling, whose picture dates from the same year, we know only that she was the daughter of a captain in the Ba-

varian army stationed at Munich. Hers is one of the most attractive of the personalities, and she seems to share in the fondness for, and ability to possess, fine strings of pearls and other jewels. A brunette of somewhat similar style to the blonde Fräulein von Schintling is Anna Kaula, a young lady of a beautiful Hebrew type, who became Madame Heine. In the picture architecture and a bit of landscape furnish the background.

There is something that suggests mature and placid mind in the 1840 portrait of Rosalie Julie von Bonar, born a Countess Grohoska, whose face, curls, and rose crown bring to one's memory the English annuals of the first half of the last century.



PRINCESS CRESCENTIA OF OET-WALLERSTEIN.

Quite in the Middle Age manner is the get-up of the pretty Munich gentlewoman Maximiliana Borzaga, who was painted in the first year and became in time the wife of a Doctor Kramer. There was, with little doubt, much romance in the love which led the beautiful Augusta Strobel. the Munich lawyer's daughter, to marry Forester Hibbert. Hers is another of the portraits of the first year of the collection, and has much distinction and unconventionality of pose.

Countess Isabella von Tauffkirchen-Engelburg came from one of the oldest Munich families, and, coldly beautiful, is quite a formidable person with her big hat and

imposing arrangement of black hair. Hers is one of the best of the portraits. Lady Jane Erskine, the third Englishwoman of the gathering, has a notable air of distinction, and with her quaintly braided hair set off by a flower at the ear and a jeweled bandeau, looks very handsome as her opera-cloak half falls from her fine shoulders. Lady Jane, who was painted in 1837, was probably the sister of the Hon. Edward Mor-



BARONESS LUDOVICA OF NEUBECK



BARONESS FREDERICKA OF GUMPPENBERG.

ris Erskine, who was attaché to the British Legation at Munich from September 25, 1825, to December 18, 1837, for the title "lady" is somewhat in discriminately given in Germany to

most Englishwomen of a certain position. The Honorable Edward was later Minister to Greece. Another picture in the first gallery is that of Marianne, Marchioness Florenzi.

With little doubt the most interesting of those who appear in the second room, after the ladies of ruling families, is the sympathetically beautiful and rather sadeyed Italian lady, a Marchesa of the famous family of the Pallavicini. The golden chain falling over the full and handsome bare shoulders, the bandeau of pearls worn low on the brow and wound in and out of the hair, the large jeweled aigret and the belt-buckle, give much richness to this portrait, which dates from 1834. Irene Pallavicini can certainly claim one of the palms of beauty among the gathering, and when she married Aloys Nicolaus,

Count von Arco-Steppberg, as his first wife, on October 22, 1830, when he was twentytwo, she probably made him a very happy man. She was then nineteen, and when painted by Stieler had been four vears married. Her husband's mother was an Archduchess of Austria-Este. The Countess, whose husband was an army officer and a Court Chamberlain, died on January 31, 1877, in her sixty-sixth year.

Again we find strong marks of character, and



LADY MILBANKE.

this time in the face of Regina Daxenberger, who from the year 1829 smiles in such coquettish fashion out at us. Fräulein Regina, the daughter of a coppersmith who was a Munich patrician to boot, found her coy looks a key to the doors of a noble house and became Frau von Fahrnbacher.

Princess Crescentia of Oettingen-Wallerstein, who, painted in 1833, figures with her daughter Caroline, Countess of Waldbott-Bassenheim, a serene-looking creature, is a woman of placid type also, with finely drawn features. She was a Frenchwoman, a Mademoiselle Borguin, and her

> husband, Ludwig, resembled Prince-Consort In the pict-Albert. ure of Elisabeth List, with her beautiful eves, fine forehead, and long, curling hair, there is a strong resemblance to the George Hayter portrait of the Countess of Blessington, in pose, expression and feature. The married name of this lady, who was a native of Stuttgart in Würtemberg, was Frau von Bacher. Her beauty the painter and herself thought needed no gem to adorn it. Hers



COUNTESS CARLOTTA OF BOOS-WALDECK



CORNELIA VETTERLEIN.

lovely face. nobles must have ent. a little at times, con- uradels. sidering that not his but nates every A MUNICH BURGHER'S DAUGHTER crowned and lein Josepha

portrait would not be where it is.

The same year that he pictured the notto-be-forgotten Frau von Bacher, the artist found in a young lady with a somewhat similar maiden name, Fräulein Caroline

which he treated in similar fashion, though from inherent conditions the results are not so inspiring. Fräulein Lizius, also a non-jeweled lady, became Frau von Stobäus

In every feature . of Baroness Fredericka von Gumppenberg is the stamp of aristocracy, and the long ringlets again prevail in this product of the following year, 1843. Again no jewels; simplicity seems the rule in the early forties. The young lady belonged

was indeed a to one of the Two years took their later, in nobility with 1844, Herr the land and Stieler, who with no patfound his task Von Gumppall upon him penbergs are Franconian

Again the the choice of aristocracy of



the King's, feature of the subject, who is Amalie, again painted Baroness von Krüdener, and was painted a lady rose- in the thirties. She looks very handsome, and suitably cold, with her rose at the also one un- bosom and her necklace of pearls, and adorned with wears, as becomes the wife of a Russian jewels. Fräu- Privy Councilor, a cloak of Russian sables.

The fourth and last Englishwoman to Reh was a native of Munich and won appear in the gallery is perhaps the most by marriage the name of Conti. Nat- charming. Lady Milbanke, whom Herr urally she was a handsome woman or her Stieler painted in 1844, the year after her marriage, was the wife of an English Ambassador, and was born, not Countess Mansfield, as has been stated, but simply Emily, third daughter of John Mansfield of Digswell House, Hertfordshire. She was mar-Lizius, from the picturesque old fortified ried to Sir John Ralph Milbanke, the town of Aschaffenburg, an excellent subject eighth Baronet of his line, on July 13,

Lady Mil-1843. banke's face, with its well-marked features and hair falling in loops in front of the ears and banded in a coronal, is in truth a very lovely one and full of intelligence.

Again comes the charm of gentle melancholy to attract our interest and claim our sympathy. The subject, rising like some tuberose from the stem of low-cut bodice half shrouded by the opera-cloak trimmed with sables, is Caroline, Countess



BARONESS AMALIE OF KRÜDENER.

of Holnstein "aus Bayern, '' as the family proudly style themselves. She was born a Baroness von Spiering, and once more Painter Stieler found a subject which furnished more than the usual inspiration to his brush. It is hard to retire from the potent charm of her eyes and turn to the lady attired in the style of the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, who gazes seraphically at the sky, seen through the high light of the artist's studio. The smile which is

Neubeck.

To return for a moment to perhaps the best-known of them all, to Maria, Countess of Landsfeld, whom Herr Stieler painted in 1848, at the height of her power and just before the abdication of her protector and her own flight to Switzerland in the guise of a peasant girl.



WILHELMINA SULZER, OF THE COURT THEATER, MUNICH.

This beautiful daughter of Limerick was then, according to the records, but twenty-four, though she looks older, partly from the character of her coiffure with its fall of black lace framing the head and the sober richness of her high-necked costume, and partly from the expression of intelligence which illuminates her fine eyes with their wide, arching brows. The father of the Countess was a captain in the English army and a son of Sir Edward Gilbert, while her

half lurking about those full red lips mother, whom he married when she was shows that there is much good fellowship but fifteen and he only twenty, was after all in pretty Ludovica, Baroness von an Oliver by name and a descendant of a certain Count de Montalvo, at one time said to be possessed of great properties in Spain. After eloping with a Captain James, to avoid a marriage which had been planned for her with an old judge, Dolores-soon to be Lola on the stagebecame her protector's wife. James, on his return to India, promptly



MAXIMILIANA BORZAGA.



MARIA DIETSCH.



LADY JANE ERSKINE.



AUGUSTA STROBEL



COUNTESS ISABELLA OF TAUFFKIRCHEN-ENGELBURG.

eloped again, and the "little grass-widow," as she called herself, finally turned up in London and made her début on the stage, at last arriving, after various successes in other European capitals, at Munich. She was to have married the editor of "La Presse," of Paris, in whose society she imbibed her liberal ideas, but he was killed in a duel the day before that set for the marriage. Disguised as a boy, Lola returned to London and then to Paris, finally reaching these shores. That she should have played the part she did in a court where appeared such a string of beauties as pictured in the King's Gallery, is a tribute more to the brilliancy of her mind than to her undeniable charm of person.

Sweetly pensive is the oval face of the Countess Carlotta of Boos-Waldeck, framed in its wealth of raven hair. Her portrait is one of the few signed by Joseph Stieler's successor as Court Painter to the King of Bavaria, F. Dürk, and is one of the last added to the collection.

To go to the very end, however, and omit mention of none, we must notice the Archduchess Augusta of Austria, who afterward became intimately related with the Bavarian Court as wife of Prince-Regent Luitpold; while the royal house of Bavaria itself is well represented by a charming portrait of Princess Alexandra, one of Stieler's most naïve productions.

Every schoolboy has heard of Marco Bozzaris through an early acquaintance with Fitz-Greene Halleck's immortal verses. Well, the daughter of the hero of Missolonghi has carved a niche of fame for herself, for she readily obtained admittance into King Ludwig's gallery. Katherine Bozzaris was at the date of the portrait, 1851, lady-in-waiting to Queen Amalie, wife of King Otho, the Bavarian Prince who had been placed upon the throne. He was the second son of Maximilian I., and therefore Ludwig's brother.

One of the oldest of the portraits is that of a lady of Florence, Theresa Spence. She has been posed as Sappho holding a lyre. The features are refined and delicate, though the face is somewhat marred by the exaggerated droop of the banded hair and the large wreath.

With the portrait of Frau von Greiner, that of Baroness Mathilde von Jordan, wife of the great Austrian Chancellor Count von Beust, and that of Anna Hillmayer, the pictured array is complete, and we regretfully leave the splendid halls where our eyes have feasted on the Gallery of Beauty of King Ludwig I.



TRUMBULL CARY AND MISS SALLY CARY.

CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING IN AMERICA.

By DAVID GRAY.

ern States until recently have been about the horse. city-dwellers is probably because in the the other hand, the country has meant only quiet and scenery. Of late years, open-air sports have been changing all this, and to-day, those whose means permit are coming to look upon the city as the place in which to work and to pass a few winter months, but upon the counlovers of cross-country riding were pioneers in this exodus from the towns, and be written, the discerning historian will and the other at Dedham. On Long Island

HE reason why Americans of the North- very likely have more than a word to say

If the horse led the way to a rediscovery, city there has been something to do. On as it were, of country life, our newly awakened country life is repaying the debt as rapidly as could be expected. A generation ago, with the exception of the foxchasers of the South and of the southern part of Pennsylvania, there was practically no cross-country riding in America. Today there are more than twenty organized try as the place in which to live. The hunts, each running hounds for such a season as the locality permits.

At Montreal there is an excellent pack such country-house communities as they which is said to furnish uncommonly good established at Westchester and on Long fox-hunting. Toronto also supports hounds Island have been instructive examples to and is the Canadian center for hunt racing the country at large. And so, when the and steeplechasing. On the Atlantic coast history of American social life during the there are two regular packs of drag-hounds last quarter of the nineteenth century shall in the vicinity of Boston, one at Myopia

hunt a drag, and the American Fox Hounds, which meet alternate days. There are also hounds at Westchester, though the been beset with many obstacles. At Eatontown, in New Jersey, Mr. Collier's draghounds, the Monmouth County Hounds, are regularly hunted, and during the past autumn a part of his pack was hunted with great success at Goshen, a newly opened hunting county of which much is expected.

there are the Meadowbrook Hounds, which the farmers, and the sport has been maintained uninterruptedly for more than a century.

In Maryland, the hunt at Baltimore, and hunting in this locality in recent years has the Elk Ridge and Green Spring Valley Hounds, furnish good sport, as does the pack of the Overland Hunt Club.

> At Washington the Chevy Chase Hounds have an advertised season. Mr. Hitchcock's American Hounds hunt at Aiken, North Carolina, and there are drag-hounds hunted regularly at Warrenton, Virginia. In Virginia also are the Deep Run Hounds.



MRS. E. T. CUSHING.

At Philadelphia, the Radnor Hunt maintains an excellent pack of American foxhounds, and less than twenty miles away. near Westchester, Mr. Mather, master of the Radnor Hounds, hunts a pack of English foxhounds. In the vicinity of Philadelphia are the Rosetree, Lima and Chester Valley Hunts, which have advertised meets. Besides the regularly organized hunts in Chester County, Pennsylvania, there are about fifteen packs of native

For nearly twenty-five years Mr. Wadsworth's Hounds have been hunted in the Genesee Valley, New York, where perhaps the best fox-hunting in the North is offered; and on the Pacific coast. Mr. Hobart and Mr. Carolan have recently established a pack of drag-hounds near San Francisco. Within a few years draghounds have also been established at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

This is a remarkable showing, considerhounds more or less regularly hunted by ing that it has been made during the first



promise well for the future.

horse that can jump a fence at least four and are sensible to the exhilaration of a

twenty-five years in which Americans have feet six inches high, that can gallop fast taken time to play; and it would seem to enough to keep up with the hounds and that has the strength and endurance to As most know, the sport of fox-hunting carry the weight on his back. It requires consists not in killing a fox but in riding a man who possesses at least the rudiments to hounds across the fields. This requires, of horsemanship, and a real interest in the in most parts of the Northern States, a sport. Men and women who like horses



A PACK OF FOXHOUNDS.



are apt to become enthusiasts about the subject of cross-country riding once they have tasted of its pleasures.

There was a man once who sneered at his hunting friends. He said that life was too short and serious a thing to waste whole days of it jumping fences in the pursuit of a fox or an anise-seed bag. Once, by force of circumstances, he was impelled to mount an old hunter and ride to a meet to watch the hounds start. When the hounds went away, the horse



MR. AUGUST BELMONT.

MR. E. WILLARD ROBY.

followed, wholly against the purpose of the man, and carried him about a mile and over several fences before he rolled off. The man's friend who owned the horse began to apologize. "No," said the man; "a light came to me when we went over the first fence. I am going to hunt." And after that he learned to ride and hunted regularly twice a week.

The head of a Hunt is the M. F. H. (master of fox hounds). He is responsible for the sport which the hounds furnish, and in the field his word is absolute. He may send home any person who is unable to keep his horse in control, or who makes a nuisance of himself in other ways. If he is not pleased with the conduct of the field, he may go home himself and take the hounds. It is said that Lord Lonsdale, master of the Quorn, on a recent occasion took the hounds home because a former master of the same famous pack presumed upon his previous office to follow the hunt into covert. This happened early in the day and several hundred people lost their day's sport. But no complaint or question was raised.

In the field, the master of a properly turned-out hunt wears a cap, as shown in the pictures of the M. F. H. of the Meadowbrook Hunt. For the rest, he wears the hunt coat, which is usually "pink"-that is, scarlet-and white breeches and tops. If he hunts the hounds himself, the hunt servants in the field consist of two or three whippers-in, who wear the hunt livery. The picture of the Meadowbrook Hounds trotting down the road is an excellent one of hounds on the way to covert with the field following at a proper distance.

man who goes over the course trailing upon the ground a bag of fox-litter or anise, or a mixture of both. The hounds are taken to the spot where the drag begins, and when put on the line go off at once. Drag-hounds usually run mute. and very fast, as the strong scent is easily followed. At the end of three or four miles there is

MEADOWBROOK HUNT

a check made by breaking the line of the drag, and the M. F. II. holds the hounds a few minutes for stragglers to come up, and for the horses to breathe or for the riders to change if they have extra mounts waiting for them. The hounds are then put on the line again and run three or four miles more to the finish. A drag is usually from six to ten miles long.

In fox-hunting the huntsman takes the hounds to a covert where there is a likeli-

around to the other side so as to view the fox if one breaks out and goes away. The huntsman then casts the hounds into the woods. A properly trained pack ranges out and hunts a track perhaps three hundred yards wide. The huntsman walks his horse through the covert and encourages them with his voice or calls them with his horn if they work out too far. The other whips bring up the rear whipping in stragglers.

A keen pack of hounds hunting, either in covert or meadow, presents an interest-In drag-hunting, the scent is laid by a ing spectacle. With noses down and sterns

feathering, they zigzag over the ground sniffing the moist earth and the damp leaves and grass for the track of prowling fox. After while hound has his suspicions aroused and doubles his eagerness. Two or three more join him, and bunching together they wriggle along as if intent upon sniffing the very surface off the ground. Sud-

denly one gets a whiff of something that is unmistakably fox. He lifts his head for an instant and gives tongue with a cry that is something between a yelp and a whine. Once heard, this highpitched, frenzied hunting voice of the foxhound is a sound that is never forgotten.

At the first note, the nearest hounds gather in, put their noses to the line and add their voices to the music. If the scent is good, in a few moments the leading hood of finding a fox. The field wait on hounds are hurrying along with their noses one side. One of the whips usually goes down, and the rest of the pack is breaking

up in obedience to the M. F. H.'s horn. If the whip on the farther side of the covert has seen the fox break out, his cry of "Gone away!" will be heard and the run has begun. The field follow through the woods or around them, as each man's judgment may prompt, but they must not ride close enough to the hounds to drive them, and they must give them plenty of room at the fences so as not to endanger them by jumping among them.

When foxhounds get away on a fresh line, no one can predict what is going to

through the covert after them with heads crosses. A drag is usually laid over a line of country which is possible for a good horse. It avoids wire-fencing and impassable barriers. On the other hand, a fox may lead the way into just such difficulties and the man who has had a good place may suddenly be confronted with serious problems. It is this element of uncertainty quite as much as the enjoyable hours spent in loafing at the covert-side, which distinguishes fox-hunting from drag-hunting and invests it with a peculiar charm.

If the fox prefers to run, he may go for eight or ten miles, or even more, as fast



MR. TRUMBULL CARY EXERCISING HIS HUNTER,

happen. In this lies one of the great fascinations of the sport. Foxes are apt to follow more or less defined runways that · lead from covert to covert, and men who know the country are often able to cut corners, make their way through gates and be ahead at the finish. But at any time a fox may change his procedure and take a new line which leaves behind those who trust in any other tactics than keeping the hounds in clear view. As no one can tell positively which way the fox is going, so no one can tell what will be the character of the footing and obstacles which he

as the hounds can follow. By that time he is apt to have enough, and the hounds will usually kill unless he gives them the slip or goes to earth.

In this country there is very little earthstopping and there are a great many woodchuck-holes into which a hard-pressed fox may retire. As a consequence, there are few kills. But provided that a fox runs well, it is not a severe disappointment that it should escape, and the proverb is adapted to read,

[&]quot; The fox that runs and gets away Will live to run another day.'



MR. THEODORE A. HAVEMEYER.

In most hunts there are men who acquire notoriety as "fox-seers." One of these persons never fails to see the fox break out of covert, and sometimes sees two or three. In one American hunt there was a gentleman with this power who complained that he frequently saw foxes sneaking away and that much good sport was lost through the pigheadedness of the M. F. H., who refused to lift his hounds and put them on the line. One day he tally-hoed vigorously for some time and the master carried the pack at a gallop to the place to which the "fox-seer" pointed. The hounds went off without giving tongue and were presently quarreling over a furry brown body. M. F. H. picked up the corpse and observed that a woodchuck like a fox was a quadruped but that there was a difference in their tails. It was a painful incident, but it cured the hunt of a fox-seer.

In drag-hunting there is none of the uncertainties which the pursuit of a wild fox supplies, but there are some great counterbalancing advantages. In fox-hunting in America there are no countries so thickly stocked with foxes out that a find is more or less uncertain. If the scenting conditions are bad—if the ground is too dry or if there has been heavy rain falling since the hours just preceding dawn—the

chance of getting a run is small. Drag-hounds, however, will follow a line under almost any conditions, and when a business man goes from town to hunt with them he is practically sure of getting a gallop. More thau this, except under the most favorable conditions, foxhounds do not run so fast or so continuously as hounds following a drag, and the man who wants to be sure of a sharp gallop over a stiff country is apt to prefer draghunting.

The light soil of Long Island, and the abundance of post and rail fencing, have made that country in the past an ideal country for drag-hunting, and the gentlemen who have hunted

> there have taken advantage of their opportunities and have made it famous as a center for cross-country riding.

Mr. Wadsworth's Hounds in the Genesee Valley, and the Rad-Jounds at Philadelphia, have done for

nor Hounds at Philadelphia, have done for American fox-hunting what Meadowbrook and Myopia have done for drag-hunting.

Associated with riding to hounds are two interesting fellow-sports—the one, the schooling of green horses, and the other, the racing of those which have shown exceptional abilities. To the man who lives in the country or who can spend a material part of his time there, the schooling of his own hunters is extremely attractive. A man may buy a finished horse but it is



RALPH N. ELLIS, M. F. H. MEADOWBROOK HUNT.

tion in it as in one which he himself has made. Some gentlemen find it so absorbing as to make it the chief occupation of their leisure time, and always have a few good horses in process of schooling.

The time required for the education of a hunter varies, but an intelligent halfbred horse five or six years old, with natural jumping capabilities, ought to be with three months of careful handling a mount that can safely be taken out with hounds. His education is usually conducted in part by driving him over solid bars a few times

each day without any one upon his back. The bars are gradually raised until he is jumping from five to six feet or even more. A horse that will not jump five feet and a half in the runway is not likely to possess jumping qualities which will make him valuable in the field. More important, however, than the work in the runway, are the daily rides which he should have across the country. Most horses, at the beginning, consider a fence as something not to be jumped, and to lead them to accept the converse

of this point of view requires great patience, firmness and pains.

A great majority of the hunters used in the North are half-breds-that is, horses with one or more crosses of thoroughbred but not the five which are required to entitle to registration. As a class, they are more easily schooled than thoroughbreds, and are apt to be, or look to be, up to more weight. There are, however, all opinions held with regard to the respective merits of the half-bred and thoroughbred for hunting purposes. Men who ride thoroughbreds prefer them to any

doubtful if he will find the same satisfac- others, and men who have been carried well by half-breds decry the jumping powers and the hot-headedness of the thoroughbred. There is probably nothing better than a good thoroughbred hunter up to carrying one hundred and ninety pounds, but such horses are rare and expensive, and while the reserve speed and staying powers of thoroughbreds make them desirable, almost all the better halfbred horses are fast enough to stay with hounds in good going. The hunting field, however, is not the place to make conclusive tests of a horse's speed, for a man must

not get ahead of the hounds even though he were able to. If he believes that he has a fast horse and wishes to prove it, he must enter him in the hunt races.

Steeplechasing began early in the eighteenth century, as a means of settling such differing opinions as to the merits of horses as were constantly arising in the huntingfield. It is much the same to-day. Brown has an undeniably fast horse. Smith has one which is not so smart a galloper but which he believes to be a bigger and safer jumper. Jones

has a horse which has never been publicly tested but which he has secretly timed for a mile on the flat and thinks is uncommonly fast for a half-bred. Jones, moreover, thinks that Brown's horse is overrated. A dozen other men in the hunt have each a horse which to its owner's eye has possibilities. When the hunt races are held, these horses are entered, and the question of superiority is settled-at least to the satisfaction of the winner.

Some of the most enjoyable of these contests take place at the Maryland Hunt, where they have spirited and characteristic



MRS. J. B. HARRIMAN.

races over a natural hunting country with a flagged course.

There are probably fewer than half a dozen gentlemen cross-country riders in the United States who are as good steeplechase jockeys as even the second-rate professionals, for race-riding is an art which can be acquired only by incessant

many men who ride hard, and if they lack the skill of the jockey it is as fair for one as for the other and they get a great deal of sport out of it.

practice; but there are

Mr. Jorrocks, Soapy Sponge, the hunting stories of Trollope, Charles Lever, Whyte-Melville, and others, prove the singular power of fox-hunting to develop interesting aspects of human nature. the hunting-field the commonplace person really seems to be rather the exception than the rule, and all the characters which are immortalized in the sporting classics are con-

tinually repeating themselves in real life. In a field of thirty or forty there will invariably be the beginner who rides very hard and very badly, who is continually jumping on the hounds, riding on wheat, breaking gates, and generally making himself odious to the M. F. H. There is hope for this kind, however, for his only trouble is ignorance and keenness.

The following letter from an American boy telling of his first days with one of the smart English packs illustrates the point of view of this type of beginner, except that the writer of this letter is an excellent horseman. He says: "One day we ran all day but I was not on a very good horse. I had seven falls. I never have gone at such big jumps in my life, and consequently I came to grief. One very nice man told me that I rode a trifle too wild, and that it would be a good thing if I got behind some good man and followed him until I got more experience in picking out my hunting-field. He seems never to grow



MRS. F. O. FRENCH.

own line. I think it was pretty sound advice. . . I forgot to tell you a piece of sad news. While we were hunting that fine day a man had a fall and broke his neck. When it happened I had already had three and got a bit nervous. I had four more, however, without much damage."

Quite a different type is the beginner who not only rides badly but has no heart in it. He tells you that he thinks of "taking up hunting" and getting "a string of hunters and a place in the country." This person usually never comes out but a season or two. He considers "taking it up" for other reasons than because he likes the sport; usually because he thinks it "the thing to do."

There are some men made without the normal proportions of caution which are put into the rest of us. Shrinking from physical danger is unknown to them. This type of man is an interesting figure in the



he likes it. He has many falls, and is spared. badly smashed up from time to time, but does not seem to lose his nerve.

Perhaps the most picturesque character in the hunting-field is the faultlessly turned-out man who rides the best horses and thoroughly understands the sport. He is the finished cross-country rider. Such a one is inconspicuous till the hounds are off and then he is as much in front as it is proper to be. He rides his own line—that is, he picks his own panels in the fences instead of following some one else, and acts upon his own judgment as to the probable course which the hounds will take. It is rare that a man acquires this quality of "finish" under fifteen or twenty years' experience, and most men never acquire it,

up but is always childishly attracted by but it is the goal to work toward. big and difficult jumps, at which he rides There is also the man who considers on any kind of horse with a stolid satis- himself "finished" but is not. He is a faction. The faster the pace the better source of entertainment and could be ill

> A large volume might be written descriptive of fox-hunting, and yet others on horses and hounds, and on the social and hygienic aspects of the subject. There is, in fact, already existent an abundant and valuable literature of this nature, written by men who have made hunting their lifestudy, but the whole of it cannot give an adequate impression of the pleasure of riding a good horse over a good country behind a fast pack of hounds. This must be experienced to be understood, and it augurs well for the sport that more Americans each year are giving it a trial. Very few with the instincts of good sportsmanship ever tire of it once they have tasted its fascinations.



SCHOOLING GREEN HUNTERS



She Rady of la Deunesse

A FRAGMENT.

BY O'NEILL LATHAM.

Queen of your Phantasie, you find me fair;

With your young soul you do desire me,

With your young poet's heart attire me,

Create my gems and garnishings with care.

I am arrayed in all you bring to me,

In reveries that clothe and cling to me:

Your 'broidered dreams I on my bosom wear.

Your smiles in solitude like sunbeams fleck me,

With dreamed pearls you royally bedeck me,

With all a boy's mind hath of sweet and rare.

Thus walk I, still, through gardens airy,

With woman's eyes and feet of faerie,

Your visionary flowers in my hair.

Clothed in your thoughts, I seek you, fond and fair—

What is the moonlight or the rain for me—

When in the evening you are fain for me

And in your heart are fires too big to bear?



BETWEEN THE ACTS-A GANG OF SCENE-SHIFTERS AT WORK.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY LAVINIA HART.

F all the arts connected with stagecraft, there is none so difficult as the art of imitating nature. Yet it is never recognized, never appreciated, never eulogized.

The hero has his matinée worshipers, the heroine her following, the villain his hisses, the ingénue her notices. The leading lady has her bouquets, the chorus lady her diamonds. Even the silent footman gets an occasional criticism, and the understudy finds an admirer or two at the stage door. But "the man behind the scenes," the property man, the unseen power that makes snow-storms and rain-storms, thunder, lightning, clouds, stars, moons, winds, the dusk of evening, the glow of morning; that individual who makes for stageland what God made for the earth, gets no bouquets and expects none; and he wouldn't have time to acknowledge it, if the unexpected happened.

reduced to a science, and requires scientific watchfulness.

Long before the time for curtain-rising. till after the time for its falling, the man behind the scenes is busy with mechanisms that create wonders so real to the audience that they invite no comment.

The snow-storms in the drama of today are a good deal like the painted skies of the impressionists, they look realer than the genuine. Time was when stage snow-storms fell in handfuls of torn white paper, and with the irony of cruel fate, lighted upon the worn black gown of the heroine, leaving intact the home of her girlhood, and the spacious lawns where she had rambled at innocent play.

Not so to-day. The audience settled down in its furs when the snow-storm commenced in "'Way Down East," and the man behind the scenes settled down to business. If Nature's snow-storms are as The man behind the scenes has his hard to handle as this one, it is not a hands full, these days, for his art has been wonder that they are becoming scarce.



EN ROUTE.

In "Way behind is exhausted making thunder, the the snowstorm was a departure, in that it was salt. resembled the itself so read-

on the water. The effect is instantaneous and realistic. The water falls from the perforations, through the canvas to the tin trough, thence to the sewer and the sea, composed of whence it comes back to be utilized in This other rain-storms. fine, dry snow ine rains, as they don't wet anything

These are an improvement on the genuthat lends they're not intended to.

signal is given to the plumber, who turns

Thunder is one of the property man's ily to snow- weak spots. Here is a large field for the balls and bliz- inventor. Any ambitious youth who will It was not dropped from above patent a recipe for making thunder as after the manner of the paper variety, good as or better than the kind supplied by but blown through huge cylinders by Mars, will find millions in it. At present means of electric fans, which were placed cannon-balls are pressed into service, or high in the wings on both sides of the more correctly kicked into service, by stage. It takes twelve men to manipu- property men, who start the balls rolling late one of these snow-storms, four of around tracks in the dome of the theater. them electricians, four cue men, and four These tracks are laid on an incline, all "props" to keep the cylinders, which are around the dome of the playhouse. Ten

held in iron frames, properly focused. or a dozen balls, weighing thirty or forty

The salt consumed at each performance would put Lot's wife to shame. It cannot be used twice, except in Pittsburg and Chicago, where the peculiar whiteness of the snow in other cities is unknown.

Artistic rain-storms have come easier to the man behind the scenes. because in these the audience is fooled by an optical illusion. The rain does not fall over the entire stage, but in one thin sheet at the front. The effect, however, is the same, and the device is simple. Perforated lead pipes are stretched above the front of the stage, from which a plank is removed, and a narrow strip of canvas is laid from wing to wing. Under the stage is a tin trough. When the clouds are as black as the stereopticon man can make them, and every one



ALICE NIELSEN IN HER DRESSING-ROOM.



CLYDE FITCH CONSULTING WITH MISS MARLOWE AT A REHEARSAL OF "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

pounds each, make sufficient thunder for a very decent storm. As the balls get back behind the scenes, traveling at great velocity because of the incline, they drop thirty or forty feet, varying in different houses, into troughs made for their recep-

Once, when Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were touring in this country, they elected to play "Faust." Miss Terry is a good business woman, as well as an artist, and has a keen eye for details. "Faust" requires a great many mechanical effects. Miss Terry insisted they should be realistic. She laid stress upon the thunder. The man behind the scenes stayed up nights and worked overtime. He figured on the thunder, and as he figured, the time-honored balls that had ground out many an and riveted able thunder-storm looked insignificant beside Miss Terry's demands. New balls were the outcome. They weighed fifty pounds each, and made thunder so real that Mr. Irving was almost startled out of his stage gait. On the night of the last back of the New York performance, Miss Terry was in tree the bark her dressing-room, commenting on the is cut away, superior quality of the thunder, when sud- disclosing a denly its whole fury seemed to concen- span of woodtrate with a crash outside her door. She en steps. rushed to the hall, and there at her This is not threshold lay one of the gigantic balls, the only inwhich had fallen from the trough, which stance where REPAIRS AT THE LAST MOMENT

had been made for smaller balls. isn't often that stage thunder-storms are so real as to have one of the bolts strike. If Miss Terry had been passing in or out of her dressing-room at the moment, the matter of farewell American tours would have been settled forever.

The most realistic element produced behind the scenes is wind. This may be because the wind is versatile in its expression, and almost any sound might be interpreted as its howling. The effect is pro-

duced by using long cylinders made of silk gauze, in which wooden flanges extend outward from a center bar. As property men turn the crank of the bar, the ends of the flanges brush the silk, emitting, according to the velocity with which the crank is worked, all the sounds of which the wind is capable, from the threatening roar that comes up from the sea, to the sobbing, sighing murmur in the tree-tops.

And speaking of tree-tops, the stage tree is a remarkable piece of work. It is costlier than the kind that grows in the orchard, and easier to climb. Even a girl can scale a stage tree, without scratching herself or crying.

In the production of Clyde Fitch's "Lovers' Lane," four trees are used, whose total cost was eleven hundred dollars. Two of them are out in spring blossom, and two are covered with autumn foliage. The leaves are beautifully tinted, and each one is wired into the

boughs, which are taken from natural trees. with iron into papier-mâché trunks, covered with bark. At the



actors and actresses climb to dizzy heights a network of wires, and currents and counby the aid of the property man.

critical moment, the leading man swears his allegiance by "you pale moon in the splendor of beauty at the full," and the property man has opened the moon flap for a first quarter, or the electrician has thrown on the red light, critical observers are apt to take exception. And if the stars of the "starry firmament," which in

tercurrents. Sometimes he flashes forth Often, too, they miss the heights by fire by means of pressing buttons concealed reason of this same mechanical force, in his costume; but more often his heels Bad scenic effects and imperfect stage ap- are supplied with brass plates, which form paratus will spoil the truest art. If, at a the current when he steps on brass plates inserted in the floor of the stage. When Mephistopheles brandishes his sword, and swings it about him in a circle of fire, the point of the sword, containing electric wires, passes over a circle of wire gauze, so creating the flash.

It is much in this manner that electric ballets are produced. The electric ballet



raph by Eyron.
CHORUS-GIRLS AROUND THE DEVICE USED FOR IMITATING THE SOUND OF THE WIND.

stageland are made of metal, have a tendency to loosen and fall from the painted sky, the audience may lose the thread of the plot while it stops to wish on the shooting-stars.

What would happen to Monte Cristo's dramatic effect if, at the supreme moment when he tells us the world is his, the property men in the wings forgot to shake waves which are part of the proclamation? Or where would be the fiery terror of "Faust's" Mephistopheles if the electri-

is not so familiar to America, but in Europe almost every ballet is beautified by electrical effects. A great deal of mechanism behind and below the stage is required, and usually each theater has its own electric plant -a commodity which even the Metropolitan Opera House does not afford.

Some years ago we had an electric ballet the paper muslin that makes the billowing in "The Forty Thieves." The dancer who as Ali Baba led the ballet of forty, delayed the performance a full hour, one summer night, because she declared it was too hot cian failed him? For Mephistopheles is to carry a stove in her garments. The

stove in question was a tiny electric battery swan in "Lohengrin"; from Wotan's helmet.

When the firefly dances were put on, some seasons ago, the light was lowered, and the colored lights that flashed in the dancing-girls' costumes were manipulated by cables connected with batteries at the rear of the stage. These electric cables are frequently used, as ballets do not always boast of sufficient frills to cover individual batteries.

electrical switchboard, which is believed to be the finest in the world. Here the chief electrician takes up his post during the performance, and by the aid of buttons and switches controls every light in the house both before and behind the curtain. It is a greatly complicated switchboard, because it regulates color, quantity and class of lights. The man at the switchboard can tell whether the red, yellow, blue or white light is on, and in just what degree.

The Metropolitan has also a switchboard with electric bells and tubes connecting with every part of

the house, through which cues are called, directions given, and by means of which the engineers of every department are kept posted.

By these means the usual chaos behind scenes is averted at the Opera House. Everything goes like clockwork. A small army of men and women, who know nothing of opera and its aims, are employed to work for its success. It is a village in itself, that space back of the Opera House curtain, containing everything used, from the costumes worn by the chorus to the Fafner is terrible. He is thirty feet long,

concealed in each girl's bodice, from which spear, whose magic is explained by guna wire connected with the light in her cotton, to Fafner, the wonderful "Siegfried" dragon, the most gigantic monster ever incubated into life in a playhouse menagerie.

They've a remarkable process for breeding animals at the Opera House. Out of a mass of canvas, gauze, boards, feathers, fur, paint and electric wires, they can produce with startling quickness a zoo of greater variety than is found in Central Park, mild-mannered, obedient, warranted At the Metropolitan Opera House is an never to break loose (except in weakly

> sewn joints), animal without and human within. When the procession in "L'Africaine" takes place. nearly all the animals in the zoo are given an airing. On these occasions the inner man (the Opera House menagerie has many human eccentricities) receives air through the animal's chest, which is made of gauze instead of canvas. Frequently there are mishaps in the crush of the procession. Sometimes an elephant's trunk is smashed, or a camel breaks his leg. Then the kindly hospital corps throws the wounded beast in a stretcher or frame, while the trunk is set



EDNA WALLACE HOPPER KEEPING IN TRIM.

in plaster Paris, or a few stitches are taken in the broken leg.

Real horses are used in "Faust," and the difficulty of getting them up stairs, or ladders, encountered in ordinary playhouses, is averted in the Opera House by means of a runway, specially built.

For the hunt scene in "Tannhäuser," thoroughbred hounds are secured from several near-by kennels.

The most fascinating animal in the zoo is Fafner, the dragon used in "Siegfried."

with a horrible gigantic head, whose jaw, tongue and antennæ are all movable. Like every dragon in Grimm's that was worth while, he is painted in different shades of green. The makers of Fafner created a monster that outdoes every childish awe The creation of his inspired in fairyland. impulses is most interesting. The first man within supports the head, which the second man moves by means of a lever. Both men wear enormous boots, which form the squatty legs and hoofs. body is painted canvas, and the tail consists of boards and hinges. Through the hose, which runs through the tail and body to the mouth, the property man

pumps the steam which pours forth in sulphurous volume, through the mouth and nostrils of the dragon. Electric wires also run through the body, providing electric lights for the eyes. Altogether, Fafner is a wonderful piece of ingenuity, and he looks more ferocious than the entire Park me-

nagerie.

The boat and swan in "Lohengrin" are propelled by a truck which moves with them, underneath the stage. The swan disappears by means of a pulley apparatus worked by the men on the truck, and is drawn down through the trap in the stage, from which Elsa's brother is shot up.

One of the most interesting mechanisms is the floor of the stage. It is divided and subdivided in many parts, for traps, staircases, et cetera. It may be taken up, all or in part, and every part is numbered. Or any part of it may be raised to a distance of twenty feet, if necessary, to repre-

sent rugged country.

Devils are shot up through "star" traps, so called because the stage is cut away and star-shaped flaps of leather or pasteboard are substituted. Underneath is an elevator on which the devil stands, and when it is raised, he is shot up through the stage, the flaps closing after him.

Of course the arrangements at the Metropolitan Opera House are infinitely superior to those of small playhouses. Not only does a vast amount of money pour in for the maintenance of the great number employed, but the possession of a permanent house and repertoire is a great help.

Silence, order, cleanliness and an air of seriousness prevail behind the scenes at the



Photograph by Byron. WAITING THE CUE.

Opera House. It is as different from an ordinary theater as day is from night. There is nothing there to attract the hanger-on, unless he be an admirer of law and order. No silvery laughter comes floating down the grim stairs, and there isn't one chance in a million that one of those serious-looking foreign chorus-women would chance the balusters for a means of descent. No messenger-boys come whistling nonchalantly through the stage entrance with plates of caviar sandwiches, and roast chicken, and bottles of Bass. The chorus at the Opera House looks as if it had partaken of its brown bread and cheese before it left the Italian quarter. No pretty painted faces appear in the wings to wait for cues, or peep saucily at



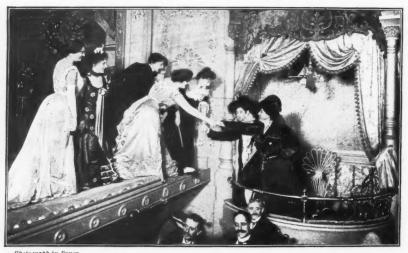
CAMEL USED IN A PERFORMANCE, STABLED BEHIND THE SCENES

her fingers into any other. There is a associates, and they dislike her cordially. babel of voices busy in strange tongues, and they seem not to be familiar with a comfortable place in the profession that laughter. Their singing they take seri- they can afford to be generous, and such ously, and reserve it for the stage. They were born in a country where opera is an end, not a means to an end, and they were

the boxes, with their galaxy of shoulders vocal superiority in her rival that wrings and diamonds. It is work behind the the heart of the Italian woman, while her scenes at grand opera, and play at comic American sisters despise each other only opera and the vaudeville. Upstairs in the for greater physical charms. The girl in dressing-rooms of the former, a hundred the comic opera chorus who wears the and fifty women are packed into a dozen most diamonds, receives the greatest There is no laughter, no song, no number of notes and is seen at the restaupartnership. Every woman has her own rants every night after the performance, is rouge-pot, and knows better than to dip called a "mighty poor artiste" by her

> It is not until after artistes have reached generosity is usually one of the first signs of success.

When Amelia Bingham opened in "The



MAXINE ELLIOTT CONGRATULATES AMELIA BINGHAM AT THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "THE CLIMBERS."

no beauties there, except the few Americans (who are ever at odds with the foreigners); for grand opera is not instituted as a beauty-show, and recognizes no beauties outside the human voice. Women are taken into the chorus there regardless of age or appearance, if they can sing, and know the repertoire. Elsewhere a pretty face or a shapely limb covers a multitude of vocal sins.

Nor does this fine distinction between physical and vocal beauty limit itself to jealousy invariably prevails; and it is most frequent accident.

born a great many years ago. There are Climbers" with an instantaneous hit, a pretty scene followed the first night's performance. Maxine Elliott, who had occupied a stage box, leaned over the rail, and grasping Amelia Bingham's hand said cordially, "I congratulate you with all my heart; you were splendid." The incident reflected yet more brilliantly upon Maxine Elliott's success than upon Miss Bingham's.

Yet with all the petty jealousies that exist in the chorus, they're a generous, happy-go-lucky lot of girls, and will do anything to assist each other. There isn't the managers of grand and light opera. It a girl who will refuse to sew a rent in the is apparent in the dressing-rooms, where tights of even a hated rival, for this is a



possible pretext; for smoking, which dogs rank next to diamonds. applies to both sexes, not on principle, but edging friends from the stage, or for running in lines.

Fines are also imposed for coming late; girls are like a big, merry family. In a for skipping rehearsals, which every popular chorus, there will sometimes be actress, high and low, tries to do on every a dog for every chorus-girl. As favorites,

As dressing-rooms are usually an afterbecause of fire; for flirting or acknowl- thought to the builder of a theater, the accommodations are invariably bad. The stars get the rooms on the ground floor. While the list of fines is a long one, the The chorus climbs the stairs, sometimes privileges are many, and ordinarily the five and six flights, and frequently twenty



Fhotograph by Ryron.

A REHEARSAL OF THE CHILDREN'S PLAY, "THE CROWN AND THE LOCKET."

will occupy one room. The scenes that cooked at a neighboring restaurant. Mr. take place in those rooms defy description. They are a dreadful blow to the theory get up enthusiasm over a make-believe. that stage life is all hard work. There is on the deficits in the chorus around the cars whenever their salaries permit. corner, or on the latest good story, or on the frequency with which a certain well- turbed by the jealousies their profession is known admirer occupies a seat in the front bound to engender, there is a bond berow, while some one else blushes and an- tween them that makes them almost a race other powders her nose, and still another is by themselves; that brings them to each

Herne declares he is too fond of turkey to

If stage people are abstemious at stage always some one singing, always some one banquets, however, they are prodigal off laughing. Sometimes there is some one the stage. On the road they go to the dancing, or speech-making, holding forth limit of their purses, and travel in Pullman

Unconventional as they are, and disthe recipient of a bottle of wine, which is other's aid in case of need, that welcomes



A THEATRICAL TROUPE LEAVING NEW YORK ON ITS TOUR.

everlasting downfall of the stage manager.

Champagne, which figures so largely in the libretto, is seldom brought on the stage. In "Papa's Wife" the champagne was real, and furnished by a well-known wine-house. This is frequently done on condition that the brand be mentioned in the play.

At stage banquets, celery and dry bread are usually the only food partaken of, except in the case of James C. Herne, who has his turkeys fattened in New Jersey, a: 1

divided into tin cups and drunk to the them home from their journeys and wishes them God-speed in their undertakings.

Even the children of the stage fall into the easy habit, the bohemian tendencies and the sympathetic disposition, as readily as they learn to dance and sing and mimic.

There is a large army of stage children to-day, who easily avoid the law, having had no family Bibles in which their births were set down; and the readiness and grace with which these children don the player's cloak, prove how much easier it is to ape others, than to be ourselves.



CHILD was standing on a street-corner. He leaned with one shoulder against a high board-fence and swayed the other to and fro, the while kicking carelessly at the gravel.

Sunshine beat upon the cobbles, and a lazy summer wind raised yellow dust which trailed in clouds down the avenue. Clattering trucks

moved with indistinctness through it. The child stood dreamily gazing. After a time, a little dark-brown dog came trotting with an intent air down the

sidewalk. A short rope was dragging from his neck. Occasionally he trod upon the end of it and stumbled.

He stopped opposite the child, and the two regarded each other. The dog hesitated for a moment, but presently he made some little advances with his tail. The child put out his hand and called him. In an apologetic manner the dog came close, and the two had an interchange of friendly pattings and waggles. The dog became more enthusiastic with each moment of the interview, until with his gleeful caperings he threatened to overturn

the child. Whereupon the child

lifted his hand and struck the dog a blow upon the head. This thing seemed to overpower and astonish the little dark-brown dog, and wounded him to the heart. He sank down in despair at the child's feet. When the blow was repeated, together with an admonition in childish sentences, he turned over upon his back, and held his paws in a peculiar manner. At the same time with his ears and his eyes he offered a small prayer to the child.

He looked so comical on his back, and holding his paws peculiarly, that the child was greatly amused and

gave him little taps repeatedly, to keep him so. But the little darkbrown dog took this chastisement in the most serious way, and no doubt considered that he had committed some grave crime, for he wriggled contritely and showed his repentance in every way that was in his power. He pleaded with the child and petitioned him, and offered more prayers.

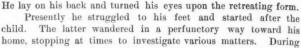
At last the child grew weary of this amusement and The dog was praying at the time.





turned toward home.





child. The latter wandered in a perfunctory way toward his home, stopping at times to investigate various matters. During one of these pauses he discovered the little dark-brown dog who was following him with the air of a footpad.

The child beat his pursuer with a small stick he had found. The dog lay down and prayed until the child had finished, and resumed his journey. Then he scrambled erect and took

up the pursuit again.

On the way to his home the child turned many times and beat the dog, proclaiming with childish gestures that he held him in contempt as an unimportant dog, with no value save for a moment. For being this quality of animal the dog apologized and eloquently expressed regret, but he continued stealthily to follow the child. His manner grew so very guilty that he slunk like an assassin.

When the child reached his door-step, the dog was industriously ambling a few yards in the rear. He became so agitated with shame when he again confronted the child that he forgot the dragging rope. He tripped upon it and fell forward.

The child sat down on the step and the two had another interview. During it the dog greatly exerted himself to please the child. He performed a few gambols with such abandon that the child suddenly saw him to be a valuable thing. He made a swift, avaricious charge and seized the rope.

He dragged his captive into a hall and up many long stairways in a dark tenement. The dog made willing efforts, but he could not hobble very skilfully up the stairs because he was very small and soft, and at last the pace of the engrossed child grew so energetic that the dog became panic-stricken. In his

mind he was being dragged toward a grim unknown. His eyes grew wild with the terror of it. He began to wiggle his head frantically and to brace his legs.

The child redoubled his exertions. They had a battle on the stairs. The child was victorious because he was completely absorbed in his purpose, and because the dog was very small. He dragged his acquirement to the door of his home, and finally with triumph across the threshold.

No one was in. The child sat down on the floor and made overtures to the dog. These the dog instantly accepted. He beamed with affection upon his new friend. In a short time they were firm and abiding comrades.

When the child's family appeared,

they made a great row. The dog was examined and commented upon and called names. Scorn was leveled at him from all eyes, so that he became much embarrassed







and drooped like a scorched plant. But the child went sturdily to the center of the floor, and, at the top of his voice, championed the dog. It happened that he was roaring protestations, with his arms clasped about the dog's neck, when the father of the family came in from work.

The parent demanded to know what the blazes they were making the kid howl for. It was explained in many words that the infernal kid wanted to introduce a disreputable dog into the family.

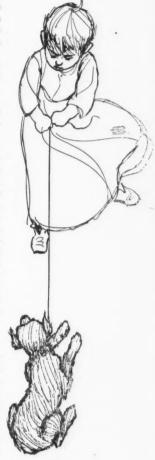
A family council was held. On this depended the dog's fate, but he in no way heeded, being busily engaged in chewing the end of the child's dress.

The affair was quickly ended. The father of the family, it appears, was in a particularly savage temper that evening, and when he perceived that it would amaze and anger everybody if such a dog were allowed to remain, he decided that it should be so. The child, crying softly, took his friend off to a retired part of the

room to hobnob with him, while the father quelled a fierce rebellion of his wife. So it came to pass that the dog was a member of the household.

He and the child were associated together at all times save when the child slept. The child became a guardian and a friend. If the large folk kicked the dog and threw things at him, the child made loud and violent ob-

jections. Once when the child had run, protesting loudly, with tears rain-



ing down his face and his arms outstretched, to protect his friend, he had been struck in the head with a very large saucepan from the hand of his father, enraged at some seeming lack of courtesy in the dog. Ever after, the family were careful how they threw things at the dog. Moreover, the latter grew very skilful in avoiding missiles and feet. In a small room containing a stove, a table, a bureau and some chairs, he would display strategic ability of a high order, dodging, feinting and scuttling about among the furniture. He could force three or four people armed with brooms, sticks and handfuls of coal, to use all their ingenuity to get in a blow. And even when they did, it was seldom that they could do him a serious injury or leave any imprint.

But when the child was present, these scenes did not occur. It



Tmp.





came to be recognized that if the dog was molested, the child would burst into sobs, and as the child, when started, was very riotous and practically unquenchable, the dog had therein a safeguard.

However, the child could not always be near. At night, when he was asleep, his dark-brown friend would raise from some black corner a wild, wailful cry, a song of infinite lowliness and despair, that would go shuddering and sobbing among the buildings of the block and cause people to swear. At these times the singer would often be chased all over the kitchen and hit with a great variety of articles.

Sometimes, too, the child himself used to beat the dog, although it is not known that he ever had what could be truly called a just cause. The dog always accepted these thrashings with an air of admitted guilt. He was too much of a dog to try to look to be a martyr or to plot revenge. He received the blows with deep humility, and furthermore he forgave his friend the moment the child had finished, and was ready to caress the child's hand with his little red tongue.

When misfortune came upon the child, and his troubles overwhelmed him, he would often crawl under the table and lay his

small distressed head on the dog's back. The dog was ever sympathetic. It is not to be supposed that at such times he took occasion to refer to the unjust beatings his friend, when provoked, had administered to him.

He did not achieve any notable degree

of intimacy with the other members of the family. He had no confidence in them, and the fear that he would ex-

press at their casual approach often exasperated them exceedingly. They used to gain a certain satisfaction in underfeeding him, but finally his friend the child grew to watch the matter with some care, and when he forgot it, the dog was often successful in secret for himself.

So the dog prospered. He developed a large bark, which came wondrously from such a small rug of a dog. He ceased to howl persistently at night. Sometimes, indeed, in his sleep, he would utter little yells, as from pain, but that occurred, no doubt, when in his dreams he

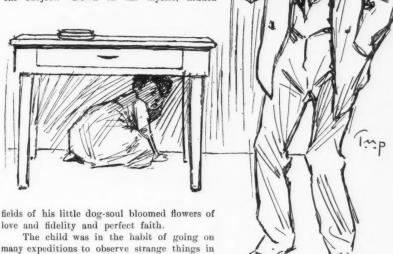




encountered huge flaming dogs who threatened him direfully.

His devotion to the child grew until it was a sublime thing. He wagged at his approach; he sank down in despair at his departure. He could detect the sound of the child's step among all the noises of the neighborhood. It was like a calling voice to him.

The scene of their companionship was a kingdom governed by this terrible potentate, the child; but neither criticism nor rebellion ever lived for an instant in the heart of the one subject. Down in the mystic, hidden



tated his turning around every quarter-minute to make sure the child was coming. He was filled with a large idea of the importance of these journeys. He would carry himself with such an air! He was proud to be the retainer of so great a monarch.

On these occasions his friend

usually jogged aimfully along behind. Perhaps, though, he went ahead. This necessi-

the vicinity.

One day, however, the father of the family got quite exceptionally drunk. He came home and held carnival with the cooking utensils, the furniture and his wife. He was in the midst of this recreation when the child, followed by the darkbrown dog, entered the room. They were returning from their voyages.

The child's practised eye instantly noted his father's state. He dived under the table, where experience had taught him was a rather safe place. The dog, lacking skill in such matters, was, of course, unaware of the true condition of affairs. He looked with interested eyes at his friend's sudden dive. He interpreted it to mean: Joyous gambol. He started to patter



across the floor to join him. He was the picture of a little darkbrown dog en route to a friend.

The head of the family saw him at this moment. He gave a huge howl of joy, and knocked the dog down with a heavy coffee-pot. The dog, yelling in supreme astonishment and fear. writhed to his feet and ran for cover. The man kicked out with a ponderous foot. It caused the dog to swerve as if caught in a tide. A second blow of the coffee-pot laid him upon the floor.

Here the child, uttering loud cries, came valiantly forth like a The father of knight. the family paid no attention to these calls of the child, but advanced with glee upon the dog. Upon being knocked down twice in swift

succession, the latter apparently gave From thence it rolled to the pavement of up all hope of escape. He rolled over an alleyway. on his back and held his paws in a peculiar manner. At the same time with his eyes and his ears he offered up a small prayer.

But the father was in a mood for having fun, and it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to throw the dog out of the window. So he reached down and grabbing the animal by a leg, lifted him, squirming, up. He swung him two or three times



hilariously about his head, and then flung him with great accuracy through the window.

The soaring dog created a surprise in the block. A woman watering plants in an opposite window gave an involuntary shout and dropped a flowerpot. A man in another window leaned perilously out to watch the flight of the dog. A woman, who had been hanging out clothes in a yard, began to caper wildly. Her mouth was filled with clothes-pins, but her arms gave vent to a sort of exclamation. In appearance she was like a gagged prisoner. Children ran whooping.

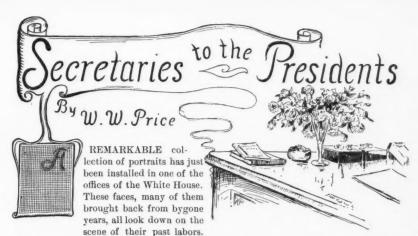
The dark-brown body crashed in a heap on the roof of a shed five stories below.

The child in the room far above burst into a long, dirgelike cry, and toddled hastily out of the room. It took him a long time to reach the alley, because his size compelled him to go downstairs backward, one step at a time, and holding with both hands to the step above.

When they came for him later, they found him seated by the body of his dark-

brown friend.





Their owners were the secretaries to the Presidents, and they grace the busy workroom of George Bruce Cortelyou, the last of these indefatigable and indispensable yet little known men who, for the greater part of our national life, have been the confidants, the advisers and the intimate friends of the Chief Magistrates.

John Addison Porter, who resigned the secretaryship on account of ill health shortly before his death, collected the portraits of his predecessors and had them reproduced in crayon of uniform size. He superintended the hanging of the frames during the last month of his incumbency, and now Secretary Cortelyou has completed the group by placing Mr. Porter's with the rest.

President Jackson's private secretary,

really the senior member of the White House collection, though his employment was not authorized by Congress. He was a nephew and an intimate friend of the sturdy old President, and, like him, was a man of decided opinions and great force of character. He was a graduate of West Point, and was an aide-de-camp on Jackson's staff in the army before the latter became President. By the time the Civil War began, age had laid a heavy hand on Donelson, but despite his physical disabilities, he espoused the cause of the Union with a very forceful and at times bitter pen. His pamphlets, and articles contributed to the papers of the day, finally caused his arrest on the charge of treason He was tried for this to the South. alleged offense in Tennessee, his home, but Andrew Jackson Donelson, of Tennessee, is was acquitted. President Lincoln was a



ANDREW J. DONELSON.



J. BUCHANAN HENRY. Private Secretary to Presiden Jackson, Private Secretary to President Buchanan, 1827-1859.



JOHN G. NICOLAY. Private Secretary to President Lincoln, 1861-1865.

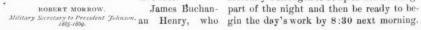
W. A. BROWNING.

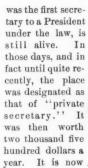
great admirer of Donelson's stalwart char- was the first secreacter and, after the treason charge had been tary to a President made and refuted, offered the old man a under the law, is place and good living in Washington. still alive. This offer Donelson refused, preferring to those days, and in remain south of Mason and Dixon's line fact until quite reamong the friends of his boyhood. Mr. Donelson received the nomination for Vice-President on the American party ticket with that of "private Millard Fillmore in 1856.

President Buchanan was the first Chief was then worth Executive to have a secretary recognized two thousand five and paid by Congress. Prior to his term, each President had his own personally paid year. It is now Military Secretary to President Lincoln, assistant, or secured the services of some a five-thousandclerk attached to one of the departments. In those days, the President's mail could of "secretary to the President." be read and answered by one man who was not even acquainted with short- cupied the southeast corner room, second hand. The secretary then found time to floor, for his office. This apartment is now

the White House, as well as to cut a very important figure in the social life of the capital. Now a dozen type-writing machines are kept clicking from morning until night answering the hundreds upon hundreds of communications that pour into the President's official home every day. The secretary, being but human, cannot find time to be the Pool Bah that he was when Private Sceretary to President Johnson, their authors, and the dethe country was young. There

The work has become systemany other department of the government, and the sonal answer. secretary is the tive roof.







JOHN HAY.

dollar position and is legally known as that

Mr. Henry when he took his post ocattend to almost the entire management of widely known as the "War Room," and is

used by Colonel Montgomery, Chief of the White House staff of telegraphers.

In organizing the office, Mr. Henry secured the services of a very reliable clerk from the Treasury Department to assist him in the purely clerical work. He then had proper books made out and indexed in which to enter a brief account of all communications, partment to which they were

are stenographers, type-writers, telegraphers, finally referred, so that he could have them disbursing clerks, stewards and door- called up at short notice when the President keepers to share the enormous burden wished them for official action. All comthat must be borne smilingly and court- munications, after being folded and briefed, eously at the First Home in the land. except those referring to purely departmental business, were laid before the President every morning at 8:30, and his atized, like that of directions taken as to their answer or disposal. Many of a purely personal character the President would reserve for per-

As it was not etiquette in those days court of last re- for the President to accept social invitasort in all matters tions, it was part of the duty of the Presipertaining to the dent's niece, Miss Lane, and Mr. Henry to conduct of affairs accept all invitations so as to avoid giving under the Execu- needless offense. It was a heavy tax on the secretary's strength to be up in winter a large James Buchan- part of the night and then be ready to be-







ROBERT JOHNSON,



HORACE PORTER Military Secretary to President Grant, 1869-1872.

paid all the bills. The salary then was only twenty-five thousand dollars and, as Mr. Buchanan had decided social tastes and took pleasure in entertaining handsomely, it resulted that the year's salary was decidedly insufficient to meet the year's expenses, and a considerable amount had to be paid out of his private purse.

Congress in those days made an appropriation for the coal and lights, messengers and doorkeepers; a steward to care for the public property in the Executive Mansion; a small amount also for the library—all of which it was the secretary's duty to disburse and account for. He also had to deliver to the Senate and the House all messages or Executive communications, making a little formal set speech of tiresome uniformity.

After leaving the White House, Mr. Henry spent many years in the practice of the law in New York city, serving a term as Assistant United States District Attorney. He retired from active business a few months ago, but still takes the liveliest interest in national affairs.

During part of President Buchanan's term, Henry M. McGill, A. J. Glossbrenner, and James Buchanan, Jr., another ident have been nephew, acted as his private secretaries. accepted by the Most of the time the President's family con- world as the sisted of Miss Harriet Lane and Mr. Henry, his nephew. Mr. Buchanan never married. his character A boyhood sweetheart to whom he was and the mirror engaged died shortly before they were to of his private have been married, and he remained true and public life. to her memory.

John Hay, now Secretary of State, was ing, Johnson's President Lincoln's military secretary, private secre-John G. Nicolay was his private secretary, tary, succeeded Military Secretary to President Johnson, 1805-1809.

Mr. Henry drew the President's salary and and probably was closer to the martyred President than any other man. Mr. Hay was assistant private secretary to Lincoln from 1861 to 1863, when he received an appointment as major in the army. It was while drawing his pay from the military arm of the government that he first became widely known as Lincoln's secretary, and it was his connection with the national administration then that aided him so materially in after years. It is a gratifying fact that all the men who were in Lincoln's confidence at the White House prospered well in their later days. Mr. Hay is a living proof of this "luck near Lincoln." Secretary Nicolay now lives in Washington, occupying a pretty home on Capitol Hill. Few secretaries have enjoyed so fully the confidence of their chiefs as Mr. Nicolay. Few have left behind them so cherished a memory among the old retainers of the White House, for it was ever his watchful care to make their work as light and their surroundings as pleasant as possible. That he knew Lincoln as President and as man more intimately than any one else, almost goes without saying. His biographical

writings on the great war-Prestext-books of

W.A. Brown-



WILLIAM G. MOORE.



F. T. DENT.

Military Secretary to President Grant, 1869-1873.



ROBERT M. DOUGLAS.

Private Secretary to President Grant, 1869-1873.



LEVI P. LUCKEY.

Private Secretary to President Grant,
1873-1876.



U. S. GRANT, JR.

Private Secretary to President Grant,
1876-1877.

Mr. Nicolay. He proved a bright, efficient employee, but was cut down by death after only seven months' service. Col. Robert Johnson, son of the President, stepped into the vacant place and made an admirable secretary. He was a lawyer by profession and was popular in Washington. He lived but a short time after his father left the Executive Mansion. Major W. G. Moore, who afterward became Chief of Police of Washington, was one of President Johnson's military secretaries, and possessed his confidence in a greater measure than any other man. Andrew K. Long and Robert Morrow also served under Johnson in the same capacity as Moore, but never became the guardian of his secrets and the adviser of his official acts like the latter. Major Moore was frank of manner, diplomatic, businesslike and popular—in fact, the ideal secretary. He was probably the most popular man that Johnson had near him.

President Grant was the last Executive to have permanent military secretaries at the White House. As though to call attention to the discontinuance of the system, they were all men of national renown. Gen. Horace Porter, now Ambassador to France, was one; Gen. O. E. Babcock was another; and Gen. F. T. Dent was the third. At the close of the Civil War all three were brevetted Brigadier-Generals for brilliant services. They occupied more the positions of personal friends than official servants under President Grant. As his private secretaries, General Grant had Robert M. Douglas, son of Stephen A. Douglas, Levi P. Luckey, and his own son U. S. Grant, Jr. Douglas was scarcely of age when Grant called him to the White House. He performed his duties acceptably, however, as he remained in the place till 1873, when he was succeeded by Mr. Luckey. The latter had come to the national capital under the wing of Senator Washburn of Illinois, and his abilities soon attracted the attention of the President. The Illinois Senator gracefully turned his right-hand man over to the President, when he learned that the latter wanted his services, and General Grant never had cause to regret his choice. Neither had Mr. Luckey, for, until that secretary's untimely death by drowning three years later, the President was his warm personal friend. U.S. Grant, Jr., stepped into the vacancy caused by Luckey's death, and proved a competent, painstaking secretary. In face he greatly resembled his illustrious father, even then, while now the likeness is declared to be startling by those who remember the older man. U. S. Grant is now a prominent figure in the Republican party councils of the Pacific coast. Robert Douglas is now a Judge upon the Supreme bench of North Carolina.

During President Hayes' administration, W. K. Rogers was private secretary. Rogers was educated for the ministry and should have followed his chosen profession, as politics and society did not suit him. Though not overpopular with the official world, Mr. Rogers pleased President Hayes and remained his close personal friend until his death.

Joseph Stanley Brown, who afterward married General Garfield's daughter, was selected as private secretary by the soldier-President. Stanley Brown had been a clerk in the Geographical Survey office and was detailed to Garfield's home in Ohio during the campaign. He proved so efficient, so necessary to Garfield. that when the latter entered the White House he immediately sent for Brown and offered him the place.

Fred J. Phillips, of New York, became President Arthur's private secretary when the latter succeeded to the chair. Phillips resembled his chief in many ways-was a great lover of society, a prominent clubman, a courteous, genial, well-groomed.

well-liked personality.

Daniel S. Lamont, the "silent secretary," was President Cleveland's first choice for the place. Lamont was formerly a newspaper man, and, as such, became acquainted with Tilden and Cleveland. From newspaper to politics was but a step, and Lamont became a trusted lieutenant in the campaign that made Lamont became a trusted neutrinant in the Cleveland President. Cleveland liked Lamont for his ability to Private Secretary to President Hayes, 1870-1881. keep his mouth shut. He also knew that Lamont read human nature like an open book. He was, in fact, just the man he needed as private secretary, and, as the private secretaryship was just the place that Lamont wanted, the agreement was soon reached. When Mr. Cleveland became President the second time, Lamont was made Secretary of War and gave satisfaction to the President and his party. Mr. Lamont is now living in New York, where he manages large railroad interests as silently, but as successfully, as he did political questions in Washington.

He is still an intimate friend of the former President, and often goes duck-hunting with him in the season.

Elijah Halford, now a paymaster in the army, followed La-He had known President Harrison for many years prior to the latter's elevation to the office, and became the depositary of many of the Executive's confidences. Halford's newspaper training stood him in good stead while he was Harrison's secretary. The coldness of the Chief was often overlooked out of regard for the warm-heartedness of the secretary, for Halford was the personal friend of every correspondent in the newspaper

Henry T. Thurber, of Detroit, now a practising lawyer in that city and a partner of Don Dickinson, was secretary during J. STANLEY BROWN.

That city and a partner of Don Dickinson, was secretary during Private Secretary to Precidents Garfield and Arthur, 1881-1882. good after-dinner story-teller, and an efficient secretary. He was nearly as closemouthed as Lamont, however, as far as official loquacity went, and for that reason stood high in Mr. Cleveland's favor. The latter disliked the newspapers anyway, and nothing made him more angry than to read an item that bore evidences of some official "leaking." The result was that few who wished to stand well with Mr. Cleveland were prolific sources of news.

ton for the purpose of asking for a

Addison Porter, of Connecticut, was President

McKinley's first secretary. Early in the campaign of 1896, when New England seemed stanch in its adherence to Reed, Mr. Porter was one of the few McKinley men in the Nutmeg State. It was largely through his efforts that some of the Connecticut delegates fell into line for the Canton man at the St. Louis convention. After McKinley was elected and before he was inaugurated, Mr. Porter concluded that he would like to go as Minister to one of the foreign courts. He accordingly visited Can-



DANIEL S. LAMONT Private Secretary to President Clevelana, 1885-1889.





F. J. PHILLIPS. Private Secretary to President Arthur, 1882-1885.

SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENTS.



ELIJAH W. HALFORD. Private Secretary to President Harrison, 1880-1807.





JOHN ADDISON PORTER. Private Secretary to President McKinley, 1897-1900.



GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

diplomatic place. Instead, the President-elect asked him to be his private secretary and stay in Washington. Mr. Porter thought it over and accepted.

It was during Mr. Porter's term that the art of rapid and voluminous letter-writing was brought to its present height. President McKinley insisted, as soon as he was installed, that every letter to the White House written in a respectful spirit, deserved an answer. Of course, occasionally an insulting or a humorous letter comes to the President, and is quickly consigned to one of the capacious waste-baskets. Mr. Cleveland was quite different in his treatment of unknown or troublesome correspondents. For the most part they were ignored during his incumbency, and it is quite probable that many still treasure this treatment against him and his party. No matter if the letter from John Smith, of Coon Hollow, Kentucky, inquiring about an increase of pension, is not very interesting or important to the man who opens it at the White House. President Mc-Kinley argues that it is important to the man who wrote it, and therefore deserves courteous and businesslike attention. Mr. Smith in a very few days gets a missive from the White House conveying the information that his letter has been received by the President, and that he has turned it over to Pension Commissioner Evans, who will see that the petitioner's claim is looked up and passed upon. Then, in due course of time, Mr. Smith receives a letter from the Pension Bureau, informing him Private Secretary to President Cleveland, that his case is being expedited, and he feels better. He has the letter from the White House framed or placed in his scrapbook and he believes that the President takes a personal interest in his welfare. Perhaps it means another vote for the man from Canton; at any rate, it does not make an enemy of a taxpayer.

> Mr. Porter will go down in history as the "social secretary." Probably none of his predecessors ever attended to half the social duties and details that he did during his first two years at the White House. The volume of correspondence at the Executive Mansion over the receptions of a single season would surprise any one not acquainted with the gay life of the capital during the fall and winter. That he might give his entire attention to the social demands made upon the President, Mr. Porter turned over practically all of the office-seekers and political callers to Assistant Secretary Cortelyou. The latter was an executive clerk and stenographer at the White House when Mr. Porter came in. Cortelyou's splendid business qualities were not to be hidden, however, and he was soon appointed as Mr. Porter's assistant. Mr. Porter, never robust, broke down under the heavy work of his post, and, though he took several vacations at the mountains and seaside, he finally decided to resign. The President accepted the resignation with reluctance, and named the present incumbent for the vacancy.

> Mr. Cortelyou's heart and soul are in his work, and it is seldom that he leaves the White House before nine or ten o'clock. Midnight frequently finds him there, dictating letter after letter, or consulting with the President or some official of the administration who calls after the regular office hours, and he will assuredly be retained by the new administration unless the President wishes to reward him by giving him something better.

DUMITRU AND SIGRID.

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN.

FRESI shipload of immigrants had whispering, sighing, waiting. tionalities. The bay outside was over- to him in six languages at once. hung by a colorless, sullen sky. The to get out "into America." Some won- society with ease. dered how far off America was; others were in "Castle Garden" (the name of the hardest work there is." old immigrant station clings to its suc-America. Everybody asked questions, his head cocked toward the immigrant,

pleaded, sobbed, cursed, kissed the clerks' hands. The blue-coated officials were hoarse, exhausted, nervous. A Polish woman was crying and wringing her hands because she had an illegible address and there was nobody to get her out. An aged Jew was trembling with excitement at the thought that he had reached America and was about to see his son from whom he had been separated for six years. A sickly-looking man who had been excluded as an invalid and a pauper was tearfully telling other immigrants how he had sold everything he had in the world to take his family to America. A Slovak woman was scolding her husband because she wanted some more beef-stew and he hadn't the courage to ask for it. Peasants, crouching HAND against the walls, were HER HEAD.

arrived at the Barge Office. It was table a young polyglot clerk, whose busimade up of Slovaks, Magyars, Poles, ness was to write telegrams for such of the Jews, some Syrians, some Armenians, and new-comers as had legible addresses, was a few lone representatives of other na- the center of a throng which was yelling

In one corner of the room a slender, "detention pen" was filled with depress- dark - complexioned, intelligent - looking ing twilight. Red, yellow and black young man stood speaking to a balddeclared themselves a fluctuating tricolor headed official, in French. It was not his in a mass of tints and shades. There was mother-tongue, for he was a Roumanian, the ordinary rush and hubbub in the but, like most educated people in his birthroom. Everybody was on pins and needles place, he spoke the language of fashionable

"I won't be a burden to the Ameriknew from their relatives' letters that they cans," he said. "I'm willing to do the

"Have you no money at all?" the official cessors) and that Castle Garden was in interrupted him, gruffly. He stood with



"No, sir," answered the young man. "The journey took all I had."

The clerk still looked morose, but the immigrant had evidently touched a tender chord in his heart, for, although it was a case for the Board of Special Inquiry, he

stopped to hear his story.

"I thought I had enough to get to New York and to show to the authorities here," the young man went on, in a low, refined voice. "But the ship-agent in Bremen kept me waiting in his boarding-house till I had spent my last penny."

"What was your occupation at home?" asked the clerk, the gruffness all gone out of his voice and confined to the wrinkles

of his forehead.

"I was an officer in the army," replied the young man, dropping his eyes. "There was some trouble-a misfortune-I had to leave."

The official pricked up his ears. The Roumanian told him very briefly and very reluctantly how a superior officer (the young man was an ensign, just graduated from the military school) had slandered his sister and how he had slapped his face in the presence of other officers and men. The Barge Office clerk explained to Dumitru Robescu (the young immigrant's name) that it was not in his power to let him out, and that even the special board could not go behind the law, but he promised to get some society interested in his case and told him to cheer up.

Dumitru's spirits rose. He resumed his seat on his rusty valise in the corner, and taking out his grammar he settled down to give himself a lesson in English. He could not muster attention, however, and little by little, as he made an effort to memorize the strange words, his heart grew heavy. Try as he would, he could not take these queer words seriously, as parts of real human speech, and as he grappled with their unmanageable sounds, his sense of desolation grew and grew upon him. The large city outside and the whole country into which he was begging to be admitted was a stirring mass of vague, hard faces in his brain. They chilled his heart, and writhing with homesickness, he mentally called to his mother and sister to think of . were separated, but the next morning they him. For many minutes he sat looking in front of him, seeing nothing but his

black despair. Could it be that he was doomed to life-long exile? Was it possible that he should never see his home again? He was an affectionate, tenderhearted fellow of twenty-two. He looked eighteen or nineteen, and in his present trouble he felt like a boy of ten.

When the rush of anguish had subsided and he became aware of the sounds and the faces around him, his eye fell upon a pink-faced, light-haired girl in a blue dress and hat, who sat on a parcel, reading a small Bible. Her pretty head was bent and her puckered-up lips were moving with quiet fervor, as if she were confiding to the book the secret of her pining heart. Dumitru leaned slightly forward and watched the play of her mouth with unobtrusive interest. After a little he made another attempt to read his grammar, and again he recoiled before its hostile words. His heart failed him to face the awful reality of which their impossible echo spoke to it. His eyes fled to the comely immigrant, who was still murmuring over her Bible.

An hour had passed. The two had scarcely exchanged a glance, but she seemed to be conscious of his gaze and not to resent it.

Presently, the sky having cleared up, the attendants of the pen pulled up the window. A flood of April air and April sunshine glided into the dingy, suffocating room. The immigrant girl raised her glance to the window. A dreary look came into her face. Her eyes filled.

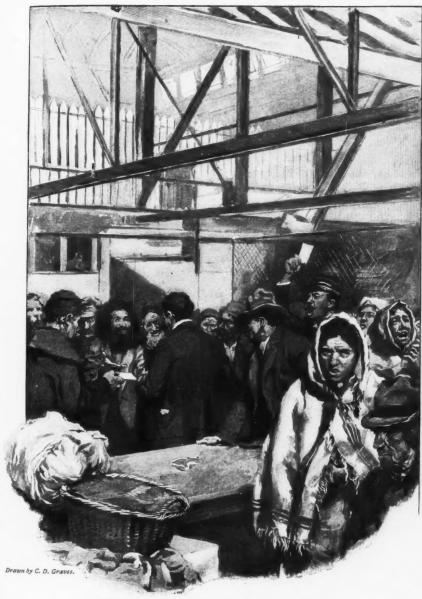
Dumitru stepped up to her and asked, in French, why she was detained. She shook her head, shrugged her shoulders and smiled through her tears. He smiled After standing in front of her back. awhile, he moved his valise close to her side.

"What language do you speak?" he asked, in despair.

"I don't understand what you say," she replied, with a distressed look, in Swedish, and both broke out laughing.

Later in the afternoon, when the detained immigrants were removed to the barges off Ellis Island for the night, they met again.

From that day on they were mostly



"THERE WAS THE ORDINARY RUSH AND HUBBUB IN THE ROOM."

stew and put it on her plate, and once got like this, for if you only touch her hand, into a fight with a Hungarian who had I'll have to separate you." placed a baby on her parcel.

speak to the Swedish girl in her mother-

reading your Bible? That's good. keeps you from worrying, and God will mar, Dumitru had a dictionary. soon get you out of here for your piety." give Dumitru a look of intelligence, and ened up. She gave him to understand, in though he understood what had been said. it was and wished she had such a book in

Roumanian her pensive moods had become come upon in the land of his exile. very rare indeed. As to Dumitru, he grew thinner and more haggard every day. Sigrid noticed this, and once she expressed her sympathy by clasping her hands and bending upon him a look of great pity. His reply was a puzzled simper. Whenever she wanted a drink she smilingly put her fist to her lips, and then he was sure to jump to his feet and bring her a cup of fresh water.

One day, as the two sat exchanging glances and smiles, the young man's face suddenly took on a fierce look, and thrusting his index-finger in his breast, he shouted: "Dumitru! Dumitru!" Then, all tenderness once more, he pointed his finger at her in a gesture of inquiry. The meaning of it all was: "My name is Dudisappointment, however, a perplexed stare was all the answer he obtained.

swarthy Roumanian beside the fair Swedish compose her English answer by means of girl. Sometimes, when she found them the other section of her book, so that smiling upon each other, or merrily gestic- Dumitru might translate it into Roumaulating like two deaf-mutes, she would nian and go on with the conversation. smile, too, and pass on. Love-making was Sigrid, who had scarcely ever handled a strictly forbidden in the "pen," and the dictionary before, was rather slow to grasp

together. He brought her her breakfast, matron's motherly smile said, among other picked out the best piece of meat in his things, "Mind that you always behave

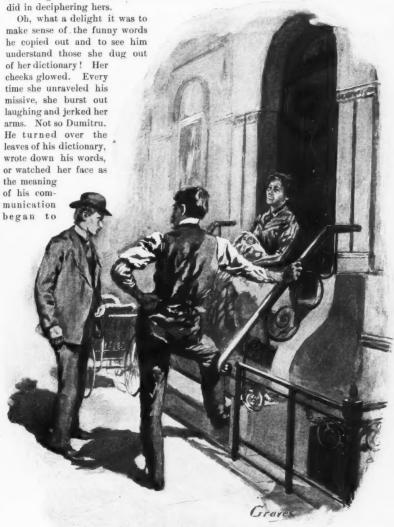
Whenever Dumitru took up his gram-Every now and then the stately, be- mar, Sigrid would pout, in her mild, easy spectacled young matron, on her way to way, or bend over and join him in his the Board of Special Inquiry, stopped to studies playfully until he laid down the book. Nevertheless, when she opened her Bible and he mimicked her piety, she "Well, Sigrid," she would say, "still would sign to him that it was a sin to do It so, and he had to desist. Besides a gram-When he took it out of his valise for the first time As the matron turned away Sigrid would and showed it to Sigrid, her face brighthe would respond with a fond smile, as their sign-language, that she knew what Sigrid took things patiently. She was her own tongue. As Dumitru was glancoften seen moping or reading her Bible in ing over page after page, Sigrid looked on a disconsolate intonation, but she never over his shoulder with an air of reverence. appeared irritated. Even the seven hours He found many words which were almost daily spent in the pestiferous pen failed the same in both languages, and every time to tarnish the bloom of her cheeks or the he came across one of these he welcomed soft luster of her trustful eyes, and since it with a little thrill of pleasure, as he she had made the mute acquaintance of the would a fellow-countryman unexpectedly

> All at once he raised his head and clapped his hands in excitement. his own inspiration he was applauding. It had flashed upon his mind that if the girl had an English dictionary for her native tongue, they might be able to carry on some sort of conversation through the language spoken in America. He was all in a flutter. It seemed such an ingenious idea to hit upon, and promised such good sport, that he did not rest until he got Sigrid to ask the matron if she couldn't lend her a Swedish-English and English-Swedish dictionary.

A few minutes later they sat over their books, engrossed in the game which he was trying to explain to her. He began by searching his dictionary for the Engmitru. What is yours?" To his cruel lish words which he wanted to address to Sigrid. These she was to look up in the English-Swedish part of her dictionary, The matron got used to seeing the and, once his message was clear to her, to

the process. Little by little, however, she dawn upon her, with the rapt, morose began to see light, and after an hour's exercise she found her words as quickly as chess. It seemed as though a deaf-mute Dumitru and showed as much intuition in had all of a sudden begun to speak. On unriddling his sentences as he

mien of a man absorbed in a game of



Drawn by C. D. Graves.

[&]quot;'DIS IS DE GENTLEMAN VAT MASHED ME IN CASTLE GARDEN. I TOL' YOU-YOU REMEMBER?"

the other hand, the words seemed to pro- meaning of the word was revealed to her. ceed from some mysterious source, and the weirdness of it gave peculiar zest to his interest.

Some of the other immigrants crowded about them, watching their curious occupation, but Dumitru and Sigrid were too deeply immersed in their correspondence to feel annoyed.

"You have relatives in America?" wrote Dumitru.

"I have aunt. You?" returned Sigrid. "Where your aunt?" he further asked; and the answer was:

"Know no. Lose address.

dame say she find mine aunt."

The clerks were working on a clue which seemed to lead to Sigrid's final destination. Her aunt had left Sweden when Sigrid was two years old and her mother was still living. All the girl knew about her relative was that she was childless and that her husband's name was Dansen. As long as Sigrid's father remained a widower, Mrs. Dansen had contented herself with sending her five dollars for Christmas and five dollars as a birthday present. A few months ago, however, when he married an old maid, his daughter's aunt had flown into a passion and sent her niece passagemoney.

All this Sigrid conveyed to the Roumanian as well as she could, piecing out her Dumitru English with gesture-speech. told her his own tale of woe. Upon discovering that he had been an officer in the army, her manner toward him suddenly grew reserved and respectful. This soon wore off, however, so much so that when she saw him help a pretty Polish girl with her packing her face clouded, and it was not until he had wormed out of the two dictionaries Swedish for "No be angry," that she smiled.

"You have sweetheart?" he next wrote. When she discovered what he meant, she slapped his hand.

"Say truth," he insisted.

She put her hand to her heart and shook her head.

One morning when a batch of immigrants had been discharged and the room looked empty, Dumitru wrote to her:

"Sad! Sad! Sad!"

Tears started to Sigrid's eyes as the

He told her she was "good angel," and while she was rendering it into Swedish, he watched her with bashful side-glances. At last her face lighted up, and snatching the lead-pencil from his hand she set to work on her answer.

"And you bad man," she declared. Seeing a gleam of intelligence spread over his face, she gave a titter.

"I not joke, Sigrid," he wrote. "Know not where I be and where thou be, but I eternal remember thou."

Without raising her head, she proceeded to make up her reply.

"I also never forget thou," it read. "Never, never."

Two days later the detention-pen was swarming with Italians. The bulk of them were disposed of swimmingly, but there was plenty to do and the hum and buzz of the many-colored multitude was pierced by the husky shouts of the clerks. Dumitru and Sigrid sat in their wonted corner, their dictionaries in their laps, their eyes on the open window; their thoughts thousands of miles apart, their hearts linked together by the sense of insecurity which the breath of spring brought over both.

Suddenly she started. Her name had been called. The next minute the chief clerk and the matron, both too busy and fatigued to smile, were by her side. Mrs. Dansen was waiting in the reception-room, so Sigrid was hurried out of the pen.

Dumitru was left gaping. He flung himself toward the door through which the Swedish girl had disappeared, but the gateman pushed him back. During the dinner-hour, when the other immigrants were busily dispatching spoonful after spoonful of soup, he sat curled up on his valise, brooding.

"Why don't you eat your dinner?" asked the bald-headed clerk.

"Take pity, sir!" Dumitru begged, leaping up. "If you keep me here another day I'll die, and if you send me back I'll jump overboard."

That afternoon the agent of the German immigrant society procured for him work as a laborer in a West Side photographgallery, and the Inquiry Board voted to admit him.

ican city impressed him as a world of savages and the strange tongue he heard blur in his mind. around him seemed to speak of his doom

-in those days of heart - wringing dared nor, indesolation he neither deed, knew how to the Barge Office to ask about the

young Swedish girl. Yet she was never absent from the group which filled his daydreams and to which headdressed the outpourings of his yearning soul. "Where are you, dearest?" he would say to Sigrid, as he lay in his lonely attic, speaking in whispers, as if she were actually listening to him. "Are you true to your pledge, angel? As to me, your sweet likeness is never out of my thoughts." And

remembering how she had repeated the word on paper, he added, "Never, never!" Then, addressing himself to his family-"This is Sigrid, mother. Kiss her, for she is a dear creature. This is my "THE NEXT SUNDAY MORNING HE . . mother and this my sister, Sigrid.

Let me embrace you all, let me -tight!"

Sometimes, as he walked in the streets, a ru's throat as he looked at all this. passing profile would make him start. running the young woman, only soon to Scandinavian societies, but all in vain. pause with a pang of disappointment. Once, in a cable-car, he saw a girl whose resemblance to the Swede seemed so strik- overcrowded. The streets were deserted.

During his first months in America, ing that he was about to accost her, tentawhen the Scotch photographer often lost tively, when she chanced to smile, which patience with his inability to understand changed her face so completely that Duwhat was said to him; when he was mitru thanked his stars he had remained treated like a servant and was in constant silent. After this, he began to doubt dread of losing his job; when the Amer- whether he would know Sigrid if he really met her. Her image had waned to a pale

At last he called at the immigrant station. The bald-headed clerk recognized him at once. He was so glad to see him find his way to in a new suit of clothes that he spared no pains to unearth the address for him.

> · but all he found there was a row of unfinished new tenementhouses. As to the other tenants on the block, they had never heard of a Mrs. Dansen. Tenement people seldom live in the same place long enough to know much about their next-door neighbors, much less about those of another house. The little community to which Mrs. Dansen had

> > belonged had been wiped off the block together with the old houses which were torn down to make room for the new. Not a trace was left of the world which had laughed, cried, quarreled and gossiped on this spot a few months before - nothing but a silent, cheerless expanse



The next Sunday he inquired among the "Sigrid!" he would say to himself, out- members of a Swedish church and of some

The elevated trains and cable-cars were



Drawn by C. D. Graves.

PRAYED FOR THE SOUL OF HIS MOTHER ER AND THE HEALTH OF HIS SISTER."

The sweltering, Sunday-clad, wretched population was fleeing from the stonebound city for breath. Dumitru, dressed in a cheap summer suit, negligee shirt and soft gray hat, was on his way to the uptown station of the elevated railroad at Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue. His face, his step and swing, as he walked, the way he wore his clothes and the way he held his head-everything about him bespoke many months of life in an American city. The Scotchman had discharged him long ago. He had next obtained a job in a toy-factory; then in a drug-store, and finally with another photographer, an Americanized Frenchman, who took a liking to him and let him learn his trade. As a result, Dumitru was now earning from ten to twelve dollars a week at retouching

His acquaintances were two or three Frenchmen, but he never felt quite at home with them. The thirty-odd months which lay between him and his birthplace seemed so many years. The Barge Office episode he remembered as a mere joke, at once sweet and touching, of a half-forgotten past, and Sigrid, stripped of her flesh and blood, shone in the center of a far-off fancy. Still, unreal as she had become, there she was, dwelling in his golden air-castles beside his mother, his sister and his country.

The train which he boarded was so jammed that he was glad to find standing-room on a platform. Crowded hard against the farther gate, which was for the most part left shut, he stood eying the tracks, the windows of houses, the passing trains, and musing to the lumbering rhythm of the cars. At one point a train moved out of a station across the road at the same moment as Dumitru's train started in the opposite direction. As his eye struck one of the crowded platforms sliding past, he beheld Sigrid. It was she. They seemed to have parted only the day before.

"Sigrid! Sigrid!" he shouted, flinging out his arms. But his voice was smothered by the rumbling duet of the two trains which were carrying them apart, and she never looked round. Dumitru uptown Bohemian quarter with regard to felt that every inch he proceeded separated him from her two inches. He was tempted to jump off. When the helplessness of his Street. He was decently dressed, went to

position fully came home to him, his heart stood still.

He got out at the next station and boarded a downtown train, in a nerveless, perfunctory sort of way. Besides vexation and despair, he felt something like the shame of one who finds himself the victim of an ingenious practical joke.

The next morning he went to the Barge Office. When he reached the door, he called himself a fool and turned back.

From that Sunday on he preferred the elevated to the surface cars whenever he had occasion to travel. One Sunday he went from one end of the road to the other, on the chance of falling in with the Swedish girl. Her face was a living image once more. It was his symbol of nobleness and bliss.

"Oh, I will find you, Sigrid dear!" he often murmured to it.

One afternoon in August, more than a year after the elevated train incident, the young Roumanian was walking along East Seventy-second Street. His sister had married a widower. His mother had been dead for several months, yet he didn't seem to be able to realize the fact to the full. Not having seen her otherwise than living, he could not conceive of her as resting in a grave with damp earth all about her. "Impossible! Impossible!" his heart protested. At the same time he had a feeling that everybody and everything he used to know at home had vanished.

Otherwise things went well with him. His intelligence and his natural taste stood him in good stead. He now had the choice between employment in one of the finest photographic studios in New York and a half-interest in a modest establishment which a former room-mate, a Czech, who had saved some money, offered to open. Inherited indolence and lack of enterprise inclined him to the former. Besides, the gallery which his friend was planning would have to cater to grosser tastes. Still, he was considering the matter seriously, and it was to reconnoiter the uptown Bohemian quarter with regard to a place for the projected studio that he was now prowling about Seventy-second Street. He was decently dressed, went to

the American theaters and was a frequenter it was carried on being mispronounced by of the opera. Upon the whole he was getting to like his new home, so that during the Spanish war he went wild over every victory of American arms. And yet he felt lonely, gnawingly lonely, and his greatest pleasure was to pull the quilt over his head before falling asleep, and to imagine his mother alive, with himself, Sigrid and his sister by her side. Or else he would go to the Russian church on Second Avenue (he didn't understand the language, but there is no Greek-Catholic house of worship for Roumanians in New York) and, amid clouds of incense, pray for the soul of his mother and for the health of Sigrid and his sister.

He was at this moment trudging along Seventy-second Street, surveying the houses on either side, when a strange voice called

"Mr. Dumitru!"

It was Sigrid. She sat on the front steps of a new tenement-house, with a baby in her lap, the brass baluster gleaming over her bare blonde head. Her face had broadened out and grown somewhat milky, but her maidenly comeliness of yore was gone only to make room for the good looks and the ripe loveliness of young motherhood.

"'I do you do?" he asked, reddening, and not daring to call her by her first name.

"I am ull righd, dang you," she answered. "I didn't see you since ve vas dere [pointing in the direction of the Barge Office]. I ulvays dought I vill see you sometimes," she said, radiantly.

Such was the first oral conversation they had ever held, the English in which

each in his or her own way-his hard Roumanian accent set off by the flabby consonants of her Swedish enunciation. She told him she was married, that her husband was a pianomaker and that he had come from Sweden when he was a boy. She was apparently very glad to see her old friend.

Dumitru felt keenly ill at ease. Her speech made another woman of her. It was not the Sigrid of his day-dreams.

"Vat your business, Mr. Dumitru?" she asked. But she did not let him answer her question. "Say, Villie, Villie!" she called out to a young man in shirt-sleeves who at this moment came out of a cigarstore near by and stopped to talk to a neighbor on the sidewalk. When her husband came up, she introduced the Roumanian, saying, with a joyous little laugh:

"Dis is de gentleman vat mashed me in Castle Garden. I tol' you-you remember?" Husband and wife smiled as at a good joke.

Dumitru felt like one listening to the scratching of a window-pane. He could see that the young couple were wrapped up in each other, and both in their baby, but all three were equally uninteresting and incomprehensible to him, and he hastened to take his departure.

He walked down the street with burning cheeks. The first pedestrians he met seemed to be laughing at him. He made an effort to think of his studio.

The next Sunday morning he went to the Russian church and prayed for the soul of his mother and the health of his sister.





more ago, a little volume, already become rare except in collectors'

libraries, was published from a manuscript found in

an old Maryland manor-house. It was a series of letters written by a young lady in Virginia in 1782. Stained by age and torn by accident, as the paper was when it came to light, it is full of value; for, spite of bad grammar and worse spelling, it glows with life and furnishes a vivid picture not only of the society of the time, but of the human heart, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

The writer does not sign her name, though she refers to herself now and then as Lucy or Lucinda. Her diary runs over a space of two months. Yet, brief and unsigned as it is, we feel as intimate with the author as if she had stepped from the dim recesses of the past and were chatting with us of events in which we had a share, of hearts and times yet young. know all her little secrets, her love-affairs, even her clothes, her whims, her fancies. This eighteenth-century Southern girl has none of the introspection, the elaborate self-vivisection, of the Russian maiden

years or and mind bare all the more thoroughly because unconsciously.

> The letters are addressed to Miss Polly Brent. The first one to which we turn is dated September 19th.

From its intimations we should guess that Lucy had just passed her seventeenth birthday and was, therefore, according to the views of her contemporaries, in the prime of life, though trembling on the verge of confirmed spinsterhood. were the days of early marriages, when "old maid" was a title of opprobrium, and a single life for a woman justifiable only on the ground of blighted affections; some hopeless passion, or untimely death of a lover, being the only excuse tolerated. That any woman should prefer to live unmarried was inconceivable. Consequently it stood to reason that if she did not marry it was because she was not asked, and of this no woman then, or perhaps now, could bear the reproach. The romances of that time, in real life as well as in fiction, had for their heroines damsels of what seems to us extreme youth. The wife of Chief-Justice Marshall was fourteen when he met her and fell in love with her, sixteen when she was married. ington himself at the time of his desperate passion for the "Lowland Beauty" was under fifteen, and the lady presumably not far from the same age. All foreigners were struck with the early blooming of the American belle-flowers, especially in the Southern States. We may safely Marie Bashkirtseff, but she lays her heart assume, therefore, that our heroine is not

over seventeen on this 19th of September, 1782, when she seats herself to write to "Dearest Polly."

Her letter begins on high moral ground. "I have almost determined," she writes in a spasm of virtue, "not to go to the Races Everyone appears to be this Fall. astonished at me, but I am sure there is no sollid happiness to be found in such amusements." Then she adds, with naïve candor, "I don't think I could answer for myself if you were to go." Once more she remembers that she is a stern moralist and continues: "They laugh at me and tell me while I am mopeing at home the other girls will be enjoying themselves at races and balls; but I never will, I am determined, go to one unless I have an inclination.'

The italics are not hers and there is no indication that she sees anything humorous in the self-imposed limitations of her resolve. She goes on to say quite soberly that she would not be thought careless of the opinion of the world, whose approval she values next to that of her conscience.

Nothing in the journal is more amusing than the patchwork of conventional maxims learned at school combined with outbreaks of the natural feelings of a lively young It is like a chapter where sentences of Doctor Johnson are interspersed with remarks by Pepys-and for ourselves we do not hesitate to prefer the Pepys, especially when they are original and the others borrowed from some dusty old-

There are two themes, however, to which Lucy always returns with an eager enthusiasm. Dress and men are sources of perennial excitement.

On September 20th we read: "Sister I shall have but little is almost drest. time to smart myself. Adieu! My Great-Coat shall be my dress to-day." Do you not see her "smarting" herself before the little mirror with its dim and distorting glass atoned for by a frame of gilt, in which two solid pillars support nothing in particular? But the face it reflects is young and fair and so the reflection tells her, and she is satisfied. There is not in or jealousy; only a simple, heartwhole towers made up of tiers of crimped hair

joy in living, in being young and pretty and surrounded with admirers. The dress and beauty of the other girls are as absorbing as her own, and it is a wholesome sign that she finds their society so interesting.

We find her dining with "old Mrs. Gordon," and strolling down through the stiff flower-beds of the garden with another Lucy, a daughter of the house, searching for pink-seed. We wonder in passing what "pink-seed" was and just how old was this old Mrs. Gordon. Thirty-four perhaps, with a pretty sixteenyear-old daughter to whom our author could confide all the thoughts of love and dress and sorrow which so engrossed

Before retiring for the night at the Gordons', Lucy takes out her journal and writes: "We have supped and the gentlemen are not returned yet. Lucy and myself are in a peck of troubles lest they should return drunk"-a prediction too accurate, for, an hour or two after, "just as we were undress'd and going to bed the Gentlemen arrived, and we had scamper. Both tipsy!" Anyone familiar with early Virginia life will be little surprised at such an ending to a dinnerparty. In those days the withdrawal of the ladies was the signal for the passing of the wine to begin in earnest, and before it ceased to circulate several of the drinkers were usually unable to rejoin the ladies. In this case it is probable that the guestroom opening off the parlor was occupied by the young visitors, who had tarried in their wrappers before the blazing logs of the great fire.

On September 27th Mr. Charles Lee calls and Lucy learns, with all the emotion of the day, that her friend Nancy is ill, though, to her evident disappointment, Mr. Lee will not admit that there is any cause for anxiety. "What would I not give to see her!" she exclaims. "But that is denied me. I hope to God she is better!"

By Sunday Lucy's anxiety is so much relieved that she writes: "I am going this moment to crape and dress." This "craping" was a serious affair, as any one may tell by looking at a fashion-plate of the day all the pages of the diary a trace of vanity and viewing with wonder, as he must, the

fessions occurred. a thousand crowns. Our little Lucy in-Sibby, the maid, or sometimes acknowledges her indebtedness to the kindness of her hostess herself.

October finds Lucy at Chantilly, visiting Nancy Lee, who by this time has recovered from her illness, and she and her guest are full of plans for a gay season.

Here, some time is devoted to improvement of the mind, for we learn that Lucy is reading "Malvern Dale" and finds it something like "Evelina," but not so pretty.

No doubt our heroine passed among her set for a blue-stocking. She found the young men delightfully ignorant. "I was in danger," she writes to Polly, "of com-I should have burst with laughter."

with Mr. C. Washington. "You can't to see by the notes that he died a bachelor. think how dejected in his absence she How many love-stories are never written, always is. You may depend upon it or even guessed! Polly, this said Matrimony alters us James and Joe Thomson, came to dinner at mightely. I am afraid it alienates us Pecatone, the country-place of Mrs. Turfrom every one else. It is, I fear, the bane berville, "below the ferry." The ladies are of Female Friendship. Let it not be with all in their finery of brocades and pink

who affect the practical and businesslike a display of a lead-colored habit opening view of life, it is hard to realize how few over a "lylack lute-string scirt," her hair generations separate them from boarding- dressed with a crape cushion ornamented school misses who ate arsenic to improve with gauze and flowers; but on the occatheir complexions, fed on chalk and pickles sion of the dinner she wears a blue luteto give an interesting delicacy to their con- string taffety apron and kerchief, with stitutions, and assumed a sentimentality "the most butifull little hat on the side of quite at variance with their healthy appe- her head."

dressed off with ribbon, lace, flowers tites. In those former times, a girl who had or strings of pearls. It was in the set herself to serious study, would have intimacy of hairdressing that the most pri- been deemed almost as eccentric as one who vate gossip and the most sentimental con- wished to vote. The maidens and matrons The Abbé Robin accepted quite seriously Pope's assurance reported on his American trip, anent the that their best, their noblest mission was enormous luxury of Annapolis, that one to please. In fact, their estimate of the lady there paid her hairdresser a salary of supreme virtue of femininity in woman outran even that of the Twickenham dulged in no such extravagance, but either Wasp. In Lucy's journal we find this dressed her locks herself or trusted to entry: "I have just read Pope's Eloiza. Just now I saw it laying on the Window. The poetry I think butiful but do not like some of the sentiments. Some of Eloiza's is too Ammorous for a female I think."

So it seems that to be truly womanly one must love, but not too much-how hard it has ever been to measure the quantity aright !-- and it is evident from the diary that so far Lucy has known no warmer feeling than her tender friendship for Polly. She inquires eagerly whether Polly has visited the spot where in happier hours they sat on the fence together in the moonlight, singing and looking at the river. No honey-moon could look rounder and mitting a great piece of rudeness last brighter to her imagination than this on night. The play Mr. Pinkard read us, was which she and Polly had gazed together. The Bell Strattagem. Mr. Newton was by Lucy's interest in men at this period is eviwhen it was read. Some one askt him dently reflex. She is interested in their some time afterward what the Play was, interest in her, and therefore he is most He said The Country Cousin. I thought interesting who is most interested. The idea of having a lover is full of vague ex-How little it requires to make us laugh citement, but at the question of any at seventeen! But then we cry as easily, reciprocation she shies like a young colt so things are evenly balanced after all. Here in a field. The man who comes nearest, the next day is Lucy quite cast down apparently, to really touching her heart because Hannah is too much taken up is a Mr. Beal, and it is rather pathetic This Mr. Beal, with ours, My Polly if we should ever Marry." greatcoats. Mrs. Turberville roused Lucy's In these days of college-bred women, envious admiration, on her first arrival, by



POLLY BRENT.

Life at Pecatone was a round of pleasure. Dinners and drives, teas and dances, filled up the measure of Lucy's happiness. Never, she declares, did she have so good a time. One evening "the old man being sick that plays the Fidle we have diverted ourselves playing Grind the Bottle and Hide the Thimble. Our time passed away agreeably enough!"

Of course it did. O Youth, Youth! what is offered in the way of entertainment makes so little difference! The prosperity of the jest lies in the ear of the listener, and not all the tact and zeal of a Madame Récamier can introduce into a company of jaded worldlings the social enjoyment which young folks like these find in games of grind-thebottle and hide-thethimble, and in dancing to the tune of a squeaking fiddle. But then, Love lurked in the hidden thimble, and young hearts beat time to the contradances. We may be very sure that the

very sure that the scarlet coats and lace ruffles made love to the brocades and pink greatcoats after the orthodox fashion of all ages, there at Pecatone. If our own shrewdness did not detect it, we have it in the journal: "Nancy and I have just returned from a delightful walk. What do you think of her? She sais she could almost sware

Mr. Beal is my slave! and tell her there is nothing in it."

peeping over her shoulder, we should probably set her down as a demure, simple maiden, quite ignorant that every one is ready to "sware" Mr. Beal is her slave. Such sly pusses will get caught occasionally, however, as she confesses to Polly: "To-day the Beaux took their leave. Last night Nancy had a fire made up in one of the upstairs rooms and was busily engaged in conversation when Mr. Pinkard bolted in upon us and overheard part of our conversation which hily delighted him."

Once before this, when she was staying at Lee Hall, she had been detected in the naughty and deceitful trick of finding out by means of a thistle the exact state of her sweetheart's feelings toward her. Now this is so base a method of acquiring underhand information without making any return of confidence to said sweetheart, that we are glad enough Mr. Washington caught her at it, and plagued her, and chased her round the garden. It served her right, the deceitful minx. Oh, but he was a tease, that Mr. Washington! and just because he had married her cousin, he gave himself those "great preaviledges married people take." Lee Hall was Liberty Hall indeed, and the girls made a great frolic one night by eating in bed (a practice always dear to the very young). The feast on this particular night set down in the journal, was substantial, to say the least, consisting of a big dish of "bacon and beaf," followed by a bowl of sago cream and after that an "apple pye." This would have contented most appetites, but Lucy proceeds: "After this we took it in our heads to want oysters. We got up, put on our rappers and went down in the Seller to get them: do you think Mr. Washington did not follow us and scear us just to death? went up tho' and eat our oysters."

This yielding to the pangs of appetite perhaps struck our journal-writer as rather a weakness for a young lady of sentiment, for the next page records a riverside walk the eighteenth century.

I laugh at her by moonlight, in the course of which Nancy makes the original and memorable Quite an accomplished young woman of remark that moonlight reminds us of our the world, this Lucy. If we were not absent friends. The thought becomes too overpowering in them both, and when they go into the house they entreat Milly Washington to entertain them at the "forti-pianer." This Miss Milly, too, has her affairs of sentiment, as a hopeful youth, A. Spotswood by name, has lately "commenced her lover," and the other girls make many efforts to draw out some confidences on the subject; but she is inflexible. except that when she takes leave of Lucy. she promises to correspond, a process which seems to be quite different from writing letters. At this leave-taking Milly declares her inward conviction that some fate is hanging over them which will prevent their ever meeting again-a gloomy and mysterious suggestion which completes her charm in Lucy's eyes.

All this time the days have been slipping away, and we find ourselves at November 12th, and ready to turn the last leaf of the journal. It is devoted to impressions of a certain Flora, who has just arrived, preceded evidently by reports of her fashionable reputation which make her sayings and doings worth a special chronicle. We learn that she is "very genteal and wears monstrous Bustles. You, my dearest that posses a great deal of Sencibility would have supposed she would have been delighted to see me-far from it I assure you. She saluted me just as if I had been a common acquaintance. I suppose," she adds, "it is fashionable to affect indifference. I hope my dearest, we shall always

stear clear of such unnatural Fashions." So we turn the last leaf and close the book, wondering whether Lucy was really able to "stear clear" of the unnatural fashion of indifference which does so easily beset us after seventeen. We would fain believe that she and Polly Brent and Milly and Nancy kept up their girlish friendship through a golden lifetime, and we thank the simple journal which has opened before us such a glimpse of a girl's heart and such a picture of social life in the Old Dominion in the happy days of

THE BOXER MOVEMENT.

BY SIR ROBERT HART, BART., G.C.M.G.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR .- The letter which accompanies Sir Robert Hart's manuscript, dated Peking, December 1st, reads as follows: " . . . Instead of going home I have held on here, for the times are interesting, the juncture more than important and the chance of being useful to the general interests at the right moment, tempting. I now send you an article on the Boxer movement. It has a train of thought that has never appeared before, and thinking people will probably value the explanation it gives. The China question is a big one and will need more light. People will hesitate between what it is expedient to do and what circumstances seem to force the people to do. But before any one can prescribe, a diagnosis of the disease is wanted, and it is in the hope of supplying this that the paper herewith is written.—ROBERT HART."

deeper significance? If it had an official of family, social and national life. made past intercourse in any form or degree the reverse. Sixty years of treaty relations have culminated in this Boxer movement: how account for such a finale?

reasons for their pride, and their conceit so prized, so honored, so utilized and so has its excuses. Far away from the rest own life and developing their own civilizawhat humanity may attain to with a re- desecration. vealed religion for its highest law and a

VERY eye has latterly been turned to hibiting what a life a race may rise to, and China, and every language has had live, without either. The central idea of its vocabulary enriched by a new term, their cult is filial piety; reverence for senbut was this Boxer movement simply the iority, intensifying with every generation growth of a starving mob, or had it a that transmitted it, settles all the details origin, and pursued its course with official are a preëminently reasonable people and guidance and support, the seriousness of when disputes occur it is the appeal to the episode cannot be exaggerated, and if right that solves them; for thirty centsuch was not the case, the fact that the uries or more this recognized and inherited government either could not or would not worship of right has gone on strengtheninterfere to oppose it calls for more than ing, and so strong is the feeling that to ordinary consideration and examination, hint to them right must be supported by Whichever explanation we accept, there is might excites something more than amazestill some anterior cause to be looked for; ment. The relations of sovereign to subit is never the proximate cause that gives ject and of man to man have so long been a full answer to real inquiry. Much has authoritatively defined and acknowledged been written about recent occurrences in that the life of the people has been poured China, but the study of disjointed phases into and shaped by a mold of duty, while and unconnected details will interest rather the natural division of the empire into than enlighten, and may perhaps hide provinces has been so harmoniously supplerather than show the more important mented by provincial and interprovincial issues. What we desire to discover is arrangements under the metropolitan adreally something that will make future in- ministration that law reigns everywhere tercourse safe, peaceful and profitable, and disorder is the exception. The arts and the first step to be taken in order to of peace have ever held the first place in do that is to ascertain what it is that has the estimation of all, and, just as might should quail before right, so does intellectual prowess win honor everywhere and the leaders of the people are those whom the grand national competitive examinations The Chinese are a proud-some say, a have proved to be more gifted than their conceited—people, but they have very good fellows. In no other country is education rewarded, and such is the veneration for of the world they have been living their that simple vehicle of thought, the written character, that to tread on paper with tion: while others have been displaying either writing or printing on it is all but

Although not a warlike people by either Christ for its pattern, they have been ex- nature or training, the force of circum-

ization reduced surrounding states to the position of tributaries, and thus the Middle Kingdom, soaring above all its neighbors, carried adown the ages with it, for itself as a state and for its people as the people of that state, a visible, tangible and actual supremacy; near and far, all bowed to the will of the Emperor, so judiciously manifested as to flatter rather than irritate, and so judiciously held back that tributaries could live their own lives in detail, merely recognizing Chinese suzerainty on the surface, while all responded more or less to the influence of its civilization and deferred to the teaching of its ethicsethics which had for their central and informing doctrine, that, while men know nothing about the gods, they ought to live as if in their presence, and among their fellows do nothing to others they do not want others to do to themselves. Filial piety developed mutual responsibility, and that, in its turn, made a rule of right without might more possible, and the negative precept of not doing what we do not wish others to do made it a virtue to avoid interference and fostered broad views and wide tolerance. The natural result of all this was that the Chinese government grew to consider itself the one great and civilized government beneath the skies and expected all others to recognize it as such and admit their own inferiority: supremacy in every respect had for ages been taken for granted, and a proud consciousness of it has shaped the will and attitude of both government and people.

In due time the men from the West began to appear, and when the government that had so long considered itself supreme, and the people who had so long regarded all others as barbarians, at the end of a war commenced by an attempt to put a stop to trade in a prohibited and deleterious drug, found themselves defeated in arms and forced to accept treaty relations with powers who not merely challenged that supremacy, but demonstrated their ability to dictate and enforce their will, the shock their national pride received at once took root in their nature as an enduring feeling of not only amour propre hurt, but right outraged; and, ever since treaty relations

stances and the prestige of a superior civilization reduced surrounding states to the position of tributaries, and thus the Middle Kingdom, soaring above all its neighlapse of time.

> Although treaty relations commenced with the hurt feeling, just explained, on the Chinese side, still intercourse went on peaceably for a score of years at Canton and the newly opened ports. During this quiet period the island of Hongkong, ceded to England by treaty, developed considerable commercial importance, increasing yearly in the number of its inhabitants and the bulk of its trade; the seizure of one of its small trading-craft by the Canton authorities, aggravated by the fact that that city still refused admission to foreigners, brought on what is known as "the War' and ended in further Chinese defeats and the conclusion of new treaties at Tientsin, opening additional ports, adding transit rights to mercantile privileges, and (in the Chinese version but not in the authoritative foreign original) according missionaries the right to acquire property and live inland. Without naming it, too, the same treaties accepted the idea of a uniform system and a foreign inspectorate, already in operation at Shanghai since 1854, for the customs at the treaty ports, and so prepared the way for the establishment and extension of this branch of the Chinese service on a cosmopolitan basis and with an international sanction. Finally, that war opened the capital, Peking, to the legations, and a new board styled the Tsungli Yamên was thereon created to transact business with the foreign representatives and take charge of China's international relations generally; two minorities interfered considerably with court recognition of diplomatic status, but, animated by the desire to improve relations, progress was made in the direction of regular and recognized receptions by the Emperor, and even the Empress Dowager herself followed up the anti-reform action of 1898 by receiving on two separate occasions the wives of the foreign Ministers, while the Emperor received Prince Henry of Prussia on terms of equality.

root in their nature as an enduring feeling of not only amour propre hurt, but right outraged; and, ever since treaty relations began, this wounded feeling has been kept did not go by so quietly as the twenty

preceding ones when the treaty powers ment implied in the extraterritoriality Port Arthur, Talienwan, Wei Hai Wei, the occupation of Peking by the forces of eight allied powers and the flight of the court to Sian. With the close of the century the cup of suffering may be said to have been filled to the brim, but why should the last twenty years of the treaties anything to do with it?

By the Tientsin treaties foreigners obtained some privileges which were subsequently considered objectionable by various natives whose interests they interfered with. The coasting trade was thrown open to vessels under foreign flags, and this competition damaged junk-owners and the branches of native trade therewith con-The privilege of conveying goods to and fro inland under transit passes was accorded to foreigners and not only was this abused for native consignments, but it caused troubles for the financial arrangements of the semi-independent provincial administrations. Missionaries availed themselves of the new clause above pagans, but by complaints that the misofficial business, thereby irritating both Foreign legations mandarins and people. were established in the capital and busithe Chinese officials would have liked. The foreign inspectorate of customs took such teaching; as for treaties and the many perquisites and some patronage out pleasures of foreign official intercourseof the hands of the Taotai (superintendents), and, although highly valued at head- them. In a word, China had been living quarters, did not enjoy much popularity apart to the end of the eighteenth century locally. Over and above all these causes and was supreme in her own Far Eastern of irritation was the continued disparage- world, and now we have the nineteenth

were less numerous and the Nanking stipulation, and its humiliating effect was treaties ruled. Thus the seventies saw more and more felt as intercourse grew and the Margary trouble with England, the Chinese representatives abroad became eighties the Tonking affair with France, better acquainted with procedure elsethe nineties the war with Japan, the an- where. To what extent treaties, commernexation of Burmah, the release of Corea cial dealings, missionary propagandism. from the tributary position, the cession of improved revenue administration, and Formosa, and the leases of Kiaochow, official intercourse at Peking and the ports have really benefited China, are each Kwang Chow Wan and Kowloon, and debatable points; foreign governments, last of all, the Boxer movement, with merchants, missionaries and officials would be loath to acknowledge that no good has been done-much less, harm, and yet on the Chinese side we have Prince Kung exclaiming, "Take away your opium and your missionaries, and all will be well!" while the still greater Wên Hsiang, who cycle of treaty relations be so stormy as was, as it were, Prime Minister, about the compared with the quiet times enjoyed dur- same time said on one occasion, "Cancel ing the first twenty? Had the Tientsin your extraterritoriality clause, and merchants and missionaries may go anywhere and everywhere, " and on another, "Do not think the growth of foreign revenue is gratifying; every increase means a new provincial difficulty, and, instead of considering it a gain, we would willingly tax ourselves and pay out an equivalent amount to be rid of you!" There may have been exaggeration in the language of each, but that language expressed opinion, and that opinion grew out of experience. the forties, fifties and sixties foreign intercourse was simply tolerated, and was never regarded as a blessing: it was not necessary for the Eighteen Provinces to buy from or sell to foreigners-their own immense interprovincial trade quite sufficed referred to and established themselves at to dispose of superfluous products and many places inland, and this was followed supply the demand of consumers; their not only by quarrels between converts and Confucian ethics provided for the proper regulation of all the relations of men in sionaries themselves interfered in local the world-for barbarians, who so little understood the import of right here, to send missionaries to teach about preparation for the hereafter, was simply ludicrous ness did not always proceed so smoothly as and was becoming more than a nuisance by the quarrels that everywhere followed China was happier and better without

ending with such an attempt to expel for- exert themselves to do good in various canceled enjoyment? connection of cause and effect, and to exdrop that wore the hole and left a rift in friendship: how can the limited space of a magazine article suffice to exhibit all lights, answer all objections, or exhaust explanations of the past and suggestions for the future? It is, in fact, surpassing strange that there should to-day be room for such criticism, seeing that, at all events port, and it is all but incredible that we have so long been living on the flanks of a volcano; and yet it is apparently beyond dispute, that, however friendly individuals may have appeared or been, general intercourse has all along been simply tolerated and never welcome, and now an uprising against foreign teaching and foreign intrusion, always possible, has to be faced and dealt with. Such being the case, there must be a cause for it, and surely there must be a remedy too.

Foreigners in China, although increasing in numbers, are not very numerous, and may be roughly divided into three classes -mercantile, missionary and Ministerial. The mercantile class carry on their business in an orderly, legal and unobjectionable manner, in accordance with treaty stipulations an I rules framed to give effect to the same; there has been nothing in their behavior as a class or as individuals to warrant the hostility of the Chinese around them, but, all the same, Chinese do complain that foreign competition in China's coasting trade has ruined junk-owners and thrown out of employ the large crews they used to support-thus antagonizing the trading classes; and that the right to convey merchandise to and fro under the transit clauses has disorganized provincial finances-thus estranging all inland offi-

eigners that the experience of a century's ways, and their medical benevolence is intercourse may be pronounced to have acknowledged with grateful appreciation, been neither profitable nor pleasing: if but the very fact of their presuming to profitable, was it so displeasing that un- teach at all is itself irritating, and for pleasantness outweighed benefit?—if pleas- neighbors to accept their teaching is still ing, was it so little profitable that loss worse; while certain abuses that have Volumes would be crept in-such as soi-disant converts joinrequired to detail the occurrences of this ing their congregations to get protection century of intercourse, to trace the inter- against the consequences of misconduct or to make use of church connection to inplain how each has been in turn the falling fluence local litigation, as well as missionaries themselves intervening or interfering in local official business, a sort of poaching on official preserves which mandarins wax wroth over-have from time to time caused local excitement and displeased both people and officials. As for the Ministerial class -the foreign representatives at the capital and the consular authorities at the portson the surface, trade and intercourse have it is absurd to suppose that their attitude on the whole had such quiet times at every and conduct have been other than propriety requires, and yet, at the same time, as the official representatives of governments that not only ignored China's claim to supremacy but exacted concessions or shared in the concessions exacted by others, they have always been viewed with suspicion. The advent of the foreigner was unwelcome, the incidents that mark his presence create dissatisfaction, and the undercurrent of feeling is in the direction of a desire to induce him to hasten his departure rather than to prolong his stay. These blemishes disfigure the features of foreign intercourse, and, if they, as effects, are to disappear, the causes from which they spring must either be removed or neutralized.

On the Chinese side there is pride, innate pride-pride of race, pride of intellect, pride of civilization, pride of supremacy; and this inherited pride, in its massive and magnificent setting of blissful ignorance, has been so hurt by the manner of foreign impact that the other good points of the Chinese character have, as it were, been stunned and cannot respond; it is not simply the claim for equality, or the demonstration of physical superiority, or the expansion of intercourse under compulsion, or the dictation of treaties, that has hurt that pride -were it only these, time would have healed the wound long ago, but it is a something in those treaties which keeps The missionaries, it is granted, open the raw and prevents healing. Just

the most essential, stipulation in the the foreigner in China; it is the principle on which the treaties are built up, and the spirit of it runs through every article: by it the foreigner is not amenable to any Chinese tribunal and can be dealt with only by the officials of his own country, and there is a certain caoutchouc quality in its nature which extends its area so that, while it is claimed not only for the individual, but for his property, it leads to the supposition that he is not only to be judged by his own laws alone but is absolved from any obligation to observe the laws of China-laws which, it must be remarked, are of two kinds, the one being the written laws of the empire and the other the unwritten laws, the practices, prejudices and superstitions, of a locality, there and more likely to produce local ill feeling if violated. A foreign official is of a certain plot of ground to missionaries against the wishes of the neighbors, and then the missionaries proceed to put up a lofty building on it, thereby, in the estimation and to the consternation of the whole populace, irretrievably ruining the luck of the neighborhood and the fortunes of its inhabitants; to the foreigner the native objection not only is a something to be laughed at, but is a superstition to be fought against and swept away, and this is just the style of action that carries with it for gunboat protection; were he not withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the lords of the soil, the Chinese government, the for-

as one can paralyze the body or corrupt neighbors? As to the strength of these the soul of a human being, so too is it pos- superstitions, there is nothing stronger; and sible to outrage the spirit and antagonize as to their warrant, accident will always the nature of a people, and it is something supply that. Take, for instance, the belief like this which the West has done in the that a solar eclipse on a New Year's Day case of China, of course unintentionally, means bad luck for the Emperor, and that yet none the less effectually. The most an intercalary eighth moon portends caimportant, and from the foreign standpoint lamity for the country at large: well, in 1898 the first day of the Chinese year was treaties is that which extraterritorializes marked by an eclipse of the sun and before that year ended the Empress Dowager had brushed aside the Emperor and strangled reform, while in 1900 the intercalary eighth moon came round and, behold, the Boxer movement shook the whole What the West has said, has world! sounded to Chinese ears like this: "You are pagans, but we are Christians; your laws are not our laws; your judges are corrupt; injustice prevails; torture is practised; punishments are barbarous; jails are hells -and we therefore withdraw our people from your jurisdiction and send missionaries to make you think as we do; but there is money to be made in your trade and therefore you must share that trade with us even though it be along your coasts and on your inland waters, and you must in their turn just as binding on all people accord us-for are we not strangers and guests?—the commercial privileges which go hand in hand with the principle on invoked, for instance, and his intervention which we have made treaties, and you had obliges Chinese officials to enforce the sale better not violate those treaties or you'll have to pay for it!" China, the proudest of the proud, is wounded to the core, and, taken the right way the most reasonable of the reasonable, is made more obstructive than obstructionists. This is the explanation of the fact that intercourse under treaties has not been a success, and, no matter what safeguards be devised, as long as these treaties regulate intercourse, so long will the irritation last and so long will the foreigner be unwelcome.

Time will, of course, remedy matters in the sure seed of a future riot and demands its own way: wisdom and forbearance may happily ward off collision and catastrophe, while various reforms-such as the Footai Tsêng Ho advocated in his memorial for a eigner might possibly acquire that special new code of laws just before the conservaplot, but he would be unable to put up tive wave swept him away two years ago that style of building on it-would not -may gradually assimilate Chinese proanother structure or another site do just as cedure to that of the other sections of the well, and would it not be better to have civilized world, and the West may then the friendship than the hostility of the consider itself at liberty to regard China in

but such changes may require generations to effect, and while the process is going on the old wound may bleed afresh, and the more robust the rest of the body the harder it may be to stop the flow. Curtailment of the national right of jurisdiction, cancellation of such defensible monopolies as a country's coasting trade, and alien protection for natives who forsake the national cult, are considered to be among the characteristic features of treaty intercourse, and there is no escaping the fact that the Chinese regard them as offensive and know that they would not be tolerated elsewhere; but, just as the exquisite teaching of the Sermon on the Mount is too Christlike for the average Christian to adopt and follow in all the details of his daily life, so, too, international morality must be accorded its exceptions when Christian claims eclipse pagan rights, and its evasions when the things it considers expedient conflict with uncivilized preferences. Of all the powers it is Russia that can best afford to be on good terms with China. Russia is a neighbor and can wait—has no propaganda—her commerce, though considerable in volume, has, so to speak, but one body, and rolls along over a recognized and beaten track -and Russia may yet be the first to restore to China her sovereign rights and so cement forever the neighborly friendship that has characterized so much of her action in the past. As for the other powers, their base is far away; their interests are many, scattered and diversified, and their hands are to some extent forced, as they can strike out in defense of the same only with effort, occasionally and spasmodically, and they probably dare not risk such an experiment as an alteration of the guiding spirit of the treaties involves, although it is quite possible that such an alteration might prove to be not only innocuous, but beneficial.

Unfortunately explanations do not always remove-they sometimes only increase -difficulties, and to most readers it may seem incredible that popular feeling in China has been influenced directly or in-

another light, cancel the differential treat- directly by either treaties or treaty stipulament now held necessary for the protection tions; as a matter of fact few know anyof the foreigner on Chinese soil, and, by thing about such international instruments, recognizing and reëstablishing essential but various sections have felt their effect, harmony, eradicate the roots of discord; and among certain classes and their acquaintances rumors constantly spread reflecting what has been heard by the underlings who hang about in such numbers when mandarins receive and discuss business with foreign officials or themselves talk over foreign questions with their friends and colleagues; a mandarin, as is well known, has only to express annoyance at something foreign to give the cue and set the fashion for a whole neighborhood. Whatever hostility may exist, latent or expressed, it is nevertheless a fact that every foreigner has at hand numbers of Chinese friends, and that many Chinese live by, are interested in, and do not object to, foreign intercourse. China, however, is not an easy country to understand and those who are best acquainted with it are puzzled to trace its sequence of thought or interpret its public opinion. The present outbreak may have its uses and clear the atmosphere, and years of tranquillity may follow, and if this attempt to explain matters can in any way help to a better understanding or prepare the way for such a manner of dealing with the Chinese question as to make relations more friendly and intercourse more profitable, it will not have been penned in vain. Although the Peking government had seemingly sanctioned the utterly inexcusable doings of the Boxers and others last summer, and officials in two or three provinces countenanced and took part in the infliction of the most cruel sufferings on missionaries and their families, it should not be forgotten that in the other fifteen or sixteen provinces the Viceroys and Governors maintained order and no anti-foreign risings occurred.

While conceding with the Chinese thinkers that great is the might of right, one must qualify that with the thought that great also is the right of might: where the most powerful states are also the most civilized, not only have they the right, but it is their duty, sometimes to impose their will on others-only, in proportion as they are mighty and civilized, so should their action be considerate, discriminating and just.

CHILD PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY MARY C. BLOSSOM,



has ceased to be a process and become an opportunity, and in no department is this more clearly shown than in depicting childhood in the sweetness and freedom of its unconscious beauty. The kindergarten with its graceful posing and dancing, and

> the simple artistic forms it represents for childish eyes to dwell upon, helps to make the every-day child a marvel of expression. All the comprehension and skill of the photographer are called into play to give an adequate idea of what the modern child

really is.

The wide-spread belief in mental-healing, the creative and curative power of thought, whether it does all that is claimed for it or not, certainly establishes a serenity and poise which is operating favorably upon the new generation, less-



Photograph by the Misses Selby.

where more plainly visible than in its effect upon child life. The study of children, of child nature and its needs, of the healthy development of body as well as mind, has its unquestioned place in the education of the day, and many a mother has learned that even the divine right of queens leaves something to be taught in their own province. The desire and love of beauty grows apace, and the ideal is rising slowly before our enchanted eyes; to know

that there is beauty of line and form and ening the excolor is fast becoming the privilege of rich penditure of and poor alike, and our young nation is nerve-force, esmaking its excursions far afield into the realms of Art.

Photograph by Parkins

The impulse has reached photography, and in these later days it has taken its place as cousin-german to the fine arts, and being encourthere seems no limit to its possibilities. It aged to lead a



freer life out of doors in the air and the sun, of development, in the many sturdy children of the rich with their vigorous frames. It is becoming the fashion to be stuffed chairs and were seized by the healthy as well as wealthy, and great Daguerre process as by measles or chickenthings may the future bring forth if present indications count for anything. The evolutionists tell us that the physical into that article so inappropriately named

development of man has probably reached its highest point and that the next in order will be the evolution of finer faculties and higher needs.

Truly there is a new and universal conception of beauty in the healthy and free body of the child, returning more and more to the perfect control in physical activity which untrammeled nature gives. Not long ago, certain ...others in New York had lessons given to their

little girls by a ballet-dancer, teaching the art of maintaining a supple body in the midst of civilization-a far more difficult task than that which is put before the young savage in his Western home, or even the young barbarian of our own household in his college life. It was a recognition, however vague and imperfect in its conception, of the fact that the complete control of the body in action is desirable at any cost.

Photograph by Parkinson

It follows that the photographer has as boys are being stimulated to the use of now a wonderful opportunity in his quest their physical power in athletics; and the of art. In the days of haircloth and result may be seen, albeit in its first stages green-repped furniture, little children with sleek hair, stiffened legs, and more or less unhappy faces, stood upon high-backed or pox or other dire disfigurement of infancy. The small head was clamped at the back

a "rest, "and all the solemnity of this horrible occasion has been immortalized. in almost every family. It is quite different now when the rapidity with which the im pression can be made enables every subtlety of grace and expression to be made enduring. The whole wonderful field of child life and child thought is open to the artistic photographer, to be caught by the sun's rejoicing rays and made perpetual.



The beauty which is the result of the deeper leisure and thoughtfulness of our daily life, and of the normal recognition of nature's claims in determining the treatment of young children, is here in all its richness for the craftsman to appropriate. The poor little rich child is no longer doomed to the velvet dress and excluded from the sand-pile; it is the fashion to be sturdy of limb and rosy of cheek.

and the sand-pile is often found even in the school-room—without, to be sure, all the delightful accompaniments the street child knows, but still an effort toward the best.

Probably in no city in the world can more varied and perfect types of childish beauty be found than in New York. The magnificent climatic conditions, the mixture of nationality, and of social custom and environment in the parents, contribute

religion both to the onlooker; and from these flowers trying to grow in alien soil he may turn to the gardens of the upper city, where in the fashionable dancing-schools the perennial bloom of childhood seems untouched, for the most part, by the blight of luxurious life. A pleasant Sunday morning in Washington Square finds many children from the foreign quarters near by, playing their games and chattering and dancing with a grace well



Photograph by Parkinson.

toward a mental and physical endowment of the finest sort. If an appreciative and untiring devotee of the camera were to turn his best powers to account by going to the different quarters of the city, Italian, Russian Hebrew, French, Syrian, and others, he would be rewarded by collecting the richest fund of beautiful types that could be desired.

The groups of children dancing to street music on the East Side are poetry and

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worthy of being immortalized; and Maydays in Central Park, especially Saturdays, are full of the breath of the young green, and the mirth and pathos of the groups of children abroad to drink its sweetness. One can conceive of no deeper pleasure than to possess the skill to seize at the right moment all the hope of the world that dwells in childish forms like these.

There is much experiment in the direction of child photography just now.

whole is the withdrawal from artificiality, and the effort to retain in some degree the distinctive quality of our national life. The charm of childhood has its own deep meaning in all ages, and we may use the dress of Spain or Holland and reproduce the portraits of Velasquez or Franz Hals in our children of to-day--the inscrutable which draws us belongs to no one time or place-yet there may be produced, and is

The effect of color which has been so skilfully brought in by varying the photographic process, lends itself especially to make portraits interesting, and the study almost into the realm of painting. Texture also is reproduced with most varied Rembrandt effects of and rich effect. light and shade, of velvet and fur, are depicted with all the depth and glow that color could give. The wide-spread use of the camera has taught what are its possibilities, but even now the limit is far

Perhaps its most notable feature as a beyond us. The mastery of the mechanical process is growing rapidly greater, but photography has been too long left in the hands of those who have failed to grasp the true secret of portraiture. The infinite possibility of character-study in the portraits of children has been too long ignored, and we need a Manet, a Boutet de Monvel, a Sargent, in photography, who, nothing daunted by the inflexibility of his materials, labors bravely for the in certain portraits, a large expression of artistic result. In adult portraits the most the freedom and impulse of our national artistic results are oftener than not rejected by the subject, as photographers bitterly complain; children, however, lend themselves wonderfully to poetic and artistic effects, in the realm of art they "live and move and have their being," of our best examples of the art brings us and it is without the same sense of strangeness that we see them reproduced in this way. There are photographers with the art instinct who are beginning to realize that if they have the patience to endure the mechanical method at hand they can produce wonderful results.

"Children a specialty," used to mean that the photographer could whistle or

squeak a doll to the infinite satisfaction of his sitter and keep him still long enough to be taken; but we have ceased to be satisfied with that. The man or woman with the fine insight and broad culture, who recognizes what he or she has in hand and brings to his or her work the true comprehension of child nature and its possibilities, is the one who will make the photographs we look for. Infinite may the gallery of children's portraits be, for a child's beauty seems properly to belong to all the world to make it better, and may be presented without a shadow of apology or self-consciousness to the homage it is sure to find.

Perhaps Kipling sums it all when he says: "This is the last book of the series, and it naturally ends with the little children, who always trot after the tail of any procession.



Photograph by Parkinson

sun's rays to register, but behold here is

under our hands the

A capitalist sat at

Only women understand children thoroughly; but if a mere man keeps very quiet, and humbles himself properly, and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world. But, even after patient investigation and the condescension of the nursery, it is hard to draw babies correctly."

To catch all their busy little moods and their equally charm-

ing flashes of silence; Photograph by Parkinson. the moments when they look at you with wonder in their eyes and behind it a something which weighs and determines with a wisdom which you, my world-worn friend,

long since have parted with. You are face to face with the well-spring of all beauty and all good-how shall you make impression of it for me to see to-morrow? At least every year we must have, and every day we should like to have, the record of the soul's growth and the body's beauty; you and I who have grown old and gray thinking of many useless things have not much that is worth while for the



hands, and waited patiently for the good things to come to him. After some words of business had passed between them, said the workman,

'I hear, sir, you have lost a little daugh-

ter. " "Yes, " said the rich man briefly. "How old was she?" asked the other. "Six months old." was the answer: "just a baby." "Yes," said the rough man very slowly, and with somewhat of awe in his voice, "they're never the right age to die." The same old story of the universal appeal and the universal answer, the response of the world's heart to its deepest



Photograph by Parkinson.

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Come with



Photograph by Parkinson.

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me to the studios and see what we shall find in the matter of child-portraiture. Here are some wonderful prints in the manner of the old masters—masses of color and a rich effect of texture throughout the whole, the children posed not superficially and affectedly, but with repose and sweetness. The most beautiful effects of light and shade

are here, the most artistic background and surroundings—the modeling of hands and necks and faces very wonderfully accomplished. All this is not attained without infinite paintasking on the part of the artist—she spares not time nor expense, but spoils many a negative before she arrives at the desired result, is ruthlessly critical of her own work, and sees only the art and the progress of the future beckoning her on. In her pursuit of the ideal in portraiture she carries with her the God-speed of all the arts—for music and poetry are in her work.

There is another who displays a marvelous skill in getting groups of children with their surroundings. He shows us a charming old wainscoted room with the softest light from an upper window, and at the end of it, with the impression of space and atmosphere over the whole, a lovely group of little girls taking their steps in a dance. They are apparently wholly unconscious of the picture they are making, and are deeply absorbed in doing their prettiest which is very, very pretty.

In still another studio may be seen the most exquisite creations of their kind that could be imagined in the portraiture of children, and wholly different from the others before mentioned. This photographer may be called the Boutet de Monvel of the photographic world. The delicacy of his portraits is preserved as by the most skilful use of the pencil, the whole is keved very high, the values are most sensitive, and the result is perfect adaptation of his method to his subject, the representation of children. The color quality is not attempted except in the most delicate way. The portraits he makes embody grace of form and the spirit of childhood, its simplicity most carefully preserved, its bloom and its fragrance.

He is doing most distinctive work in his department of art. He does not aim at the element of chic in his work, he depends for its success upon his comprehension, deep and true, of its own real possibilities.

There are now at least a half dozen photographers in New York, and others in the smaller cities, who are endeavoring to



Photograph by Parkinson. Copyright by Parkinson Co.

embody their ideas of what child portraiture should be. work is one that will not soon cease, certainly not until human progress discloses her semi-annual appointment at the photographer's explaining that "On our engagement and wedding anniversaries I always give my husband a new photograph of our little daughter." By any means less rapid and dexterous than photography it would be too difficult to accomplish this.

Doubtless in the rapid progress of

science which is opening such worlds o f thought and achievement, the vibratory theory and the use of more sensitive substances will lead to entirely new and wonderful developments of photography. Doctor Baradue claims that he has already photographed thought, and impressions are made upon sensitized plates in the dark without a camera, so we may give

our imaginamay be that some day the most skilful use of this necessary process of photography may seem a clumsy makeshift; that the camera shall be entirely different and more satisfying or dispensed with altogether; and that we shall record with unerring truth and all the accompaniment of beautiful form and color that "everlasting Wonder Song of Youth" that tempts us As Doctor Holmes has said, "it would have been reward enough to learn the method Nature pursues for its own

sake. If the Sovereign Artificer lets us The demand for such into his own laboratories and workshops, we need not ask more than the privilege of looking on at his work." some more satisfactory method of depicting Yet when this leads us to new combinachildren. One young mother goes to make tions and the knowledge of better tools for ourselves, proportionately eager is our quest.

To bring the suggestion of beauty into life more and more, and to have commonly before us the best interpretation of childhood and all its story; to begin human life with the possession of a certain quality of soul that was the fruit long years ago of toil and discipline-this is

> the inheritance of the present. "Thou hast a noble guest, O flesh!" says St. Bernard.

Of all races in the world today, none is more sympathetic with the life of children than the Japanese, and none obtains more beautiful results in portraiture of Yet them. after all is said, the Japanese, great in art, feel a secret contempt for so mechanical



Photograph by Parkinson.

Copyright by Parkinson Co.

tions free rein and try to form some a process as photography except for idea of the possibilities of the future. It purposes of usefulness, and fail to take it at its best. Their conception of art which is so distinctive and national, and varies so little with the decades, can be better served by means of the pencil, and their extraordinary precision and dexterity make draftsmen, such as we have not, answer their purposes. Therefore while we see the great charm of their portraiture of children, it is displayed very much less than one could wish in connection with photography.

We have no such record of the past as

the future will have of our time in the portraits of children. Not the least part of the fame of the old masters rests upon their achievements in this field of child portraiture; the quaint children of the old Spanish painters, of Velasquez and Goya, the pouting and rosy babies of Rubens, the stately and dainty and grave little aristocrats of Van Dyke, have lent much to the glory of these painters. Boucher would be comparatively known if he had not put his pencil to the cupids he drew with such unerring truth to life.



Photograph by the Misses Selby.

be hoped that in some book will be preserved this chronicle so easily to be obtained, the childhood of of all the nations of the present, so that the history of this most important transition period may be rich in such material. a collection were to be made now, and intrusted in a strong box in the archives to the mercies of five hundred years, imagine what the opening of it would be. A new and wonderful people possessed of faculties we do not dream of would perhaps look upon us then as we look upon the angular complacency

Yet shall the humble art of photography of the Byzantine Madonna now; and they bequeath to posterity more of the witchery might feel the same reverential and pitying of childhood-more of a record of our tenderness that we have felt - who complexity and our aspirations. It is to knows!



Photograph by Rinehart.



Photograph by Frank Allen.



Photograph by Carhart Studio.



Drawn by E. Hering.

XVII.

THE FIGHT IN THE CAVE OF THE MOON BUTCHERS.

DO not know how far we clambered before we came to the grating. It may be we ascended only a few hundred feet, but at the time it seemed to me we might have hauled and jammed and hopped and wedged ourselves through a mile or more of vertical ascent. Whenever I recall that time there comes into my head the heavy clank of our golden chains that followed every movement. Very soon my knuckles and knees were raw and I had a bruise on one cheek. After a time, the first violence of our efforts diminished and our movements became more deliberate and less painful. The noise of the pursuing Selenites had died away altogether. It seemed almost as though they had not traced us up the crack after all, in spite of the telltale heap of broken fungi that must have lain beneath it. At times, the cleft narrowed so much that we could scarcely squeeze up it; at others, it expanded into great drusy cavities studded with prickly crystals, or thickly beset with dull, shining fungoid pimples. Sometimes it twisted spirally, and at other times slanted down nearly to the horizontal direction. Once or twice it seemed to us that small living things had rustled out of our reach, but what they were we never saw. And at last, far above, came the familiar bluish light again, and then we saw that it filtered through a grating that barred our way.

We whispered as we pointed this out to one another, and became more and more cautious in our ascent. Presently we were close under the grating, and by pressing my face against its bars I could see a limited portion of the cavern beyond. It was clearly a large space, and lit, no doubt, by some rivulet of the same blue light that we had seen flow from the beating machinery. An intermittent trickle of water dropped ever and again between the bars near my face.

My first endeavor was naturally to see what might be upon the floor of the cavern, but our grating lay in a depression whose rim hid all this from our eyes. My foiled attention then fell back upon the suggestion of various sounds we heard, and presently caught a number of faint shadows that played across the dim roof far overhead.

Indisputably there were several Selenites, perhaps a considerable number, in this space, for we could hear the noises of their occupants. intercourse, and faint sounds that I identified as their footfalls. There was also a succession of regularly repeated sounds-"chid, chid, chid"-which began and ceased, suggestive of a knife or spade hacking at some soft substance. Then came a clank as if of chains, a whistle and a rumble as of a truck running over a hollowed place, and then again that "chid, chid, chid, " resumed. The shadows told of shapes that moved quickly and rhythmically in agreement with that regular sound, and rested when it ceased.

We put our heads close together and began to discuss these things in noiseless

"They are occupied," I said—"they are occupied in some way."

"Yes. "

"They're not seeking us or thinking of us."

"Perhaps they have not heard of us."
"Those others are hunting about below.
If suddenly we appeared here——"

We looked at one another.

"There might be a chance to parley," said Cavor.

I looked at the grating. "It's flimsy," I said. "We might bend two of the bars and crowl through?"

and crawl through.'

We wasted a little time in vague discussion. Then I took one of the bars in both hands, and got my feet up against the rock until they were almost on a level with my head, and so thrust against the bar. It bent so suddenly that I almost slipped. I clambered about and bent the adjacent bar in the opposite direction, and then took the luminous fungus from my pocket and dropped it down the fissure.

. "Don't do anything hastily," whispered Cavor, as I twisted myself up through the opening I had enlarged. I had a glimpse of busy figures as I came through the grating, and immediately bent down so that the rim of the depression in which the grating lay, hid me from their eyes, and so lay flat, signaling advice to Cavor as he also prepared to come through. Presently

we were side by side in the depression, peering over the edge of the cavern and its occupants.

It was a much larger cavern than we had supposed from our first glimpse of it, and we looked up from the lowest portion of its sloping floor. It widened out as it receded from us, and its roof came down and hid the remoter portion altogether. And lying in a line along its length, vanishing at last far away in that tremendous perspective, were a number of huge shapes, great pallid hulls upon which the Selenites were so busy. At first they seemed to me big white cylinders of vague im-Then I noted the heads upon port. them lying toward us, eyeless and skinless like the heads of sheep at a butcher's, and perceived they were the carcasses of mooncalves being cut up, much as a moored whale might be cut up by the crew of a whaler. They were cutting off the flesh in strips, and on some of the farther trunks the white ribs were showing. It was the sound of their hatchets that made that "chid, chid." Some way off, a thing like a trolley cable drawn and loaded with chunks of lax meat, was running up the slope of the cavern floor.

It seemed to me at first that the Selenites must be standing on trestle-supported planks,* and then I saw that the planks and supports and their hatchets were really of the same leaden hue as my fetters had seemed before white light came to bear on them. A number of very thick-looking crowbars lay about the floor and had apparently assisted to turn the dead mooncalf over on its side. The whole place was lit by three transverse streams of the blue fluid.

We lay for a long time noting these things in silence. "Well?" said Cavor at last.

I crouched lower and turned to him. "Unless they lowered those bodies by a crane," I said, "we must be near the surface."

"Why?"

"The mooncalf doesn't hop and it hasn't got wings."

He peered over the edge of the hollow

^{*}I do not remember seeing any wooden things on the moon. Doors, tables, everything corresponding to our terrestrial joinery, were made of metal, and I believe for the most part of gold, which as a metal would of course naturally recommend itself—other things being equal—on account of the ease in working it and its toughness and durability.

"I wonder now---" he began. had heard a noise from the cleft below us. We twisted ourselves about and lay as still as death, with every sense alert. In a little while I did not doubt that something was quietly ascending the cleft. slowly and quite noiselessly I assured my-

self of a good grip on my chain and waited for that something to appear.

"Just look at those chaps with the

hatchets again," I said. "They're all right," said Cavor.

I took a sort of provisional aim at the gap in the grating. I could hear now quite distinctly the soft twittering of the ascending Selenites, the dab of their hands against the rock and the falling of dust from their grip.

Then I could see that there was something moving dimly in the blackness below the grating, but what it might be I could not distinguish. The whole thing seemed to hang fire just for a moment; then, smash! I had sprung to my feet, struck savagely at something that had flashed out at me. It was the keen point of a spear. I have thought since that its length in the narrowness of the cleft must have prevented its being sloped to reach me. Anyway, it shot out from the grating like the tongue of a snake, and missed, and flew back, and flashed again. But the second time, I snatched and caught it, and wrenched it away, but not before another had darted ineffectually at me.

I shouted with triumph as I felt the down through the bars, amidst squeals off the other spear, and was leaping and certainly some infernally long spears. flourishing it beside me and making inthe fletchers at the carcasses up the cavern. for a moment, spear in hand.

to intimidate them and rushed to meet I stopped him by a grip on his arm. I them. Two of them missed with their hatchets, and the rest fled incontinently.

> Then the two also were sprinting away up the cavern, with hands clenched and heads down. I never saw men run like them.

> I knew the spear I had was no good for me. It was thin and flimsy, effectual only for a thrust, and too long for a quick recover. So I only chased the Scienites as far as the first carcass, and stopped there and picked up one of the crowbars that were lying about. It felt comfortably heavy, and equal to smashing any number of Selenites. I threw away my spear, and picked up a second crowbar for the other hand. I felt five times better than I had with the spear. I shook the two threateningly at the Sclenites who had come to a halt out of throwing distance far away up the cavern, and then turned about to look at Cavor.

> He was leaping from side to side of the grating, making threatening jabs with his broken spear. That was all right. would keep the Selenites down-for a time, at any rate. I looked up the cavern again. What on earth were we going to do now?

We were cornered in a sort of way already. But these butchers and fletchers up the cavern had been surprised, they were probably scared, and they had no special weapons, only those little hatchets of theirs. And that way lay escape. Their sturdy little forms-for most of hold of the Selenite resist my pull for a them were shorter and thicker than the moment and give, and then I was jabbing mooncalf herds-were scattered up the slope in a way that was eloquent of indefrom the darkness, and Cavor had snapped cision. Those Selenites down the cleft had might be they had other surprises for us. efficient jabs. "Clang, clang," came up But, confound it! if we charged up the through the grating, and then an ax cave we should let them up behind us, hurled through the air and whacked and if we didn't, those little brutes up the against the rocks beyond to remind me of cave would probably get reinforced. Heaven alone knew what tremendous en-I turned, and they were all coming toward gines of warfare, guns, bombs, lunar us in open order, waving their axes. If torpedoes, this unknown world below our they had not heard of us before, they feet, this vaster world of which we had must have realized the situation with only pricked the outer cuticle, might not incredible swiftness. I stared at them presently send up to our destruction. It "Guard became clear that the only thing to do was that grating, Cavor," I cried, and howled to charge. It became clearer as the legs

running down the cavern toward us.

"Bedford!" cried Cavor, and behold! he was halfway between me and the grat-

"Go back!" I cried. "What are you doing-

"They've got—it's like a gun!"

And struggling in the grating between those defensive spears appeared the head and shoulders of a Selenite bearing some

complicated apparatus.

I realized Cavor's utter incapacity for the fight we had in hand. For a moment I hesitated. Then I rushed past him, whirling my crowbars, and shouting to confound the aim of the Selenite. He was aiming in the queerest way with the thing against his stomach. "Chuzz!" thing wasn't a gun; it went off like a crossbow more, and dropped me in the middle of a leap.

I didn't fall down; I simply came down a little shorter than I should have done if I hadn't been hit, and from the feel of my shoulder the thing might have tapped me and glanced off. Then my left hand hit against the shaft, and I perceived there was a sort of spear sticking half through my shoulder. The moment after, I got home with the crowbar in my right hand and hit the Selenite fair and square. Hitting those Selenites was like hitting dry sunflower canes with a rod of iron. collapsed, he broke into pieces.

I dropped a crowbar, pulled the spear out of my shoulder, and began to jab it down the grating into the darkness. At each jab came a shriek and twitter. Finally I hurled the spear down upon them with all my strength, leaped up, picked up the crowbar again and started for the

multitude up the cavern.

"Bedford!" cried Cavor, "Bedford!" as I flew past him.

I seem to remember his footsteps coming on behind me.

Step, leap-whack, step, leap-Each leap seemed to last ages. With each, the cave opened out and the number of Selenites visible increased. At first, they seemed all running about like ants in a disturbed ant-hill, one or two waving hatchets and coming to meet me, more running away, some bolting sidewise into

of a number of fresh Scienites appeared the avenue of carcasses; then presently, others came in sight carrying spears, and then others. The cavern grew darker farther up. "Flick!" something flew over my head. "Flick!" As I soared in midstride I saw a spear hit and quiver in one of the carcasses to my left. Then I came down, one hit the ground before me and I heard the remote "Chuzz!" with which their things were fired. "Flick!" "Flick!" for a moment it was a shower. were volleving!

I stopped dead.

I don't believe I thought clearly then. I seem to remember a kind of stereotyped phrase running through my mind: "Zone of fire, seek cover!" I know I made a dash for the space between two of the carcasses and stood there panting and feeling very wicked.

I looked around for Cavor, and for a moment it seemed as if he had vanished from the world. Then he came up out of the darkness, between the row of the carcasses and the rocky wall of the cavern. I saw his little face, dark and blue, and shining with perspiration and emotion.

He was saying something, but what it was I did not heed. I had realized that we might work from mooncalf to mooncalf up the cave until we were near enough to charge home. "Come on!" I said, and led the way.

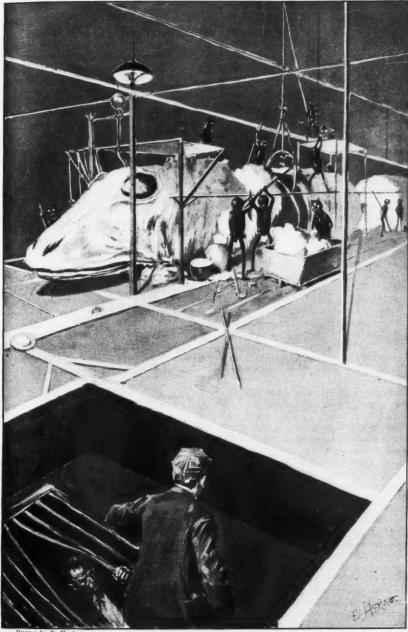
"Bedford!" he cried, unavailingly.

My mind was busy as we went up that narrow alley between the dead bodies and the wall of the cavern. The rocks curved about-they could not enfilade us. Though in that narrow space we could not leap, yet with our earth-born strength we were still able to go very much faster than the Selenites. I reckoned we should presently come right among them. Once we were on them, they would be hardly so formidable as black beetles. Only-there would first of all be a volley. I whipped off my flannel jacket as I ran.

"Bedford!" panted Cavor, behind me. I glanced back. "What?" said I.

He was pointing upward over the car-"White light!" he said. CASSES.

I looked, and it was even so-a faint white ghost of twilight in the remoter cavern roof. That seemed to give me double



"I . . . PERCEIVED THEY WERE THE CARCASSES OF MOONCALVES BEING CUT UP, MUCH AS A MOORED WHALE MIGHT BE CUT UP BY THE CREW OF A WHALER."

"Keep close," I said. dashed out of the darkness and squealed I was amazed. and fled. I halted, and stopped Cavor with my hand. I hung my jacket over direction there was not a Selenite in sight. my crowbar, ducked round the next carcass, dropped jacket and crowbar, showed myself and darted back.

"Chuzz-flick!" just one arrow came. We were close on the Selenites, and they were standing in a crowd, with a little battery of their shooting implements pointing down the cave. Three or four other arrows followed the first, and then their

fire ceased

I stuck out my head, and escaped by a hair's-breadth. This time I drew a dozen shots or more, and heard the Selenites shouting and twittering as if with excitement as they shot. I picked up jacket and crowbar again.

"Now!" said I, and thrust out the jacket. "Chuzz-zz-zz! Chuzz!" In an instant my jacket had grown a thick beard of arrows, and they were quivering all over the carcass behind us. Instantly I slipped the crowbar out of the jacket, dropped the jacket-for all I know to the contrary, it is lying there now-and rushed

out upon them.

For a minute, perhaps, it was massacre. I was too fierce to discriminate, and the Selenites were probably too scared to fight. At any rate, they made no sort of fight against me. I saw scarlet, as the saying is. I remember I seemed to be wading among those insect helmets as a man wades through tall grass, mowing and hitting first right, then left-smash, smash. Little drops of moisture flew about. I trod on things that crushed and piped and went slippery. The crowd seemed to open and close and flow like water. There were spears flew about me; I was grazed over the ear by one. I was stabbed once in the arm and once in the cheek, but I found that out only afterward when the blood had had time to run and cool and feel wet. What Cavor did, I do not know. For a space it seemed that this fighting had lasted for an age and must needs go on forever. Then suddenly it was all over, and there was nothing to be seen but the backs of heads bobbing up and down as their owners ran in all directions. I seemed altogether unhurt. I ran forward crowbar and led the way up the gallery.

A Selenite some paces, shouting, then turned about.

I looked down the cavern and in that

I felt an enormous astonishment at the evaporation of the great fight into which I had hurled myself, and not a little of exultation. It did not seem to me that I had discovered the Selenites to be unexpectedly flimsy, but that I was unexpectedly strong. I laughed stupidly. This fantastic moon!

I leaped over the smashed and writhing bodies that were scattered about the cavern floor, and hurried on after Cavor.

XVIII.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Presently we saw that the cavern before us opened on a hazy void. In another moment we had emerged upon a sort of slanting gallery, that projected into a vast circular space, a huge cylindrical pit running vertically up and down. Round this pit the slanting gallery ran without any parapet or protection for a turn and a half, and then plunged high above into the rock again. Somehow it reminded me then of one of those spiral turns of the railway through the St. Gothard. It was all tremendously huge. I can scarcely hope to convey to you the titanic proportion of all that place, the titanic effect of it. eyes followed up the vast declivity of the pit wall, and overhead and far above we beheld a round opening set with faint stars, and half of the lip about it well-nigh blinding with the white light of the sun. At that we cried aloud simultaneously. "Come on!" I said, leading the way.

"But there?" said Cavor, and very carefully stepped nearer the edge of the gallery. I followed his example and craned forward and looked down, but I was dazzled by that gleam of light above and I could see only a bottomless darkness with spectral patches of crimson and purple floating Yet if I could not see I could therein. Out of this darkness came a sound, hear. a sound like the angry hum one can hear if one puts one's ear outside a hive of bees, a sound out of that enormous hollow, it might be four miles beneath our feet.

I listened, then tightened my grip on my

"This must be the shaft we looked down upon," said Cavor. "Under that lid."

"And below there, is where we saw the lights."

"The lights!" said he. "Yes—the lights of the world that now we shall never see."

we had escaped so much, I was rashly sanguine that we should recover the sphere. His answer I did not eatch.

"Eh?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter," he answered, and we hurried on in silence.

I suppose that slanting lateral way was four or five miles long, allowing for its curvature, and it ascended at a slope which would have made it almost impossibly steep on earth, but which one strode up easily under lunar conditions. We saw only two Selenites during all that portion of our flight and directly when they became aware of us they ran headlong. It was clear that

the knowledge of our strength and violence had reached them. Our way to the exterior was unexpectedly plain. The spiral gallery straightened into a steeply ascendent tunnel, its floor bearing abundant traces of the mooncalves, and so straight and short in proportion to its vast arch that no part of it was absolutely dark.

Almost immediately it began to lighten, and then, far off and high up, and quite blindingly brilliant, appeared its opening on the exterior, a slope of Alpine steepness surmounted by a crest of bayonet shrub, tall and broken down now and dry and dead, in spiky silhouette against the sun.

And it is strange that we men to whom this very vegetation had seemed so weird and horrible a little time ago, should now behold

it with the emotion a home-coming exile might feel at sight of his native land. We welcomed even the rareness of the air which made us pant as we ran and which rendered speaking no longer the easy thing it had been but an effort to make oneself heard. Larger grew the sunlit circle above us and larger, and all. the nearer tunnel sank into a rim of indistinguishable black. We saw the dead bayonet shrub no longer with any touch of green in it, but brown and dry and thick, and the shadow of its upper branches high out of sight made a densely interlaced pattern upon the tumbled And at the immediate mouth of the tunnel was a wide trampled space where the mooncalves had come and gone.



"FOR A MINUTE, PERHAPS, IT WAS MASSACRE. . .
I TROD ON THINGS THAT CRUSHED AND PIPED
AND WENT SLIPPERY,"

We came out upon this space at last, into a light and heat that hit and pressed upon us. We traversed the exposed area painfully, and clambered up a slope among the scrub stems, panting, into a high place beneath the shadow of a mass of twisted lava. Even in the shade the rock felt hot.

The air was intensely hot and we were in great physical discomfort, but for all that we were no longer in a nightmare. We seemed to have come to our own province again, beneath the stars. All the fear and stress of our flight through the dim passages and fissures below had fallen from us. That last fight had filled us with an enormous confidence in ourselves as far as the Selenites were concerned. We looked back almost incredulously at the black opening from which we had just emerged. Down there it was, in a blue glow which now in our memories seemed the next thing to absolute darkness, that we had met with things like mad mockeries of men, helmetheaded creatures, and had walked in fear before them and had submitted to them until we could submit no longer. And behold, they had smashed like wax and scattered like chaff, and fled and vanished like the creatures of a dream!

I rubbed my eyes, doubting whether we had not slept and dreamed these things by reason of the fungus we had eaten, and suddenly discovered the blood upon my face, and then that my shirt was sticking painfully to my shoulder and arm.

"Confound it!" I said, gaging my injuries with an investigatory hand, and suddenly that distant tunnel mouth became as

it were a watching eye.

"Cavor!" I said, "what are they going to do now? And what are we going to do?"

He shook his head, with his eyes fixed upon the tunnel. "How can one tell what they will do?"

"It depends on what they think of us, and I don't see how we can begin to guess that. And it depends upon what they have in reserve. It's as you say, Cavor; we have touched the merest outside of this world. They may have all sorts of things inside there. Even with those shooting things they might make it bad for us——''

"Yet, after all," I said, "even if we don't find the sphere at once, there is a

chance for us. We might hold out. Even through the night. We might go down there again and make a fight for it."

I stared about me with speculative eyes, The character of the scenery had altered altogether by reason of the enormous growth and subsequent drying of the scrub. The crest on which we were was high and commanded a wide prospect of the crater landscape, and we saw it now all sere and dry in the late autumn of the lunar afternoon. Rising one behind the other were long slopes and fields of trampled brown where the mooncalves had pastured, and far away in the full blaze of the sun a drove of them basked slumberously, scattered shapes, each with a blot of shadow against it, like sheep on the side of a down. But never a sign of Selenite was to be seen. Whether they had fled on our emerging from the interior passages, or whether they were accustomed to retire after driving out the mooncalves, I cannot guess. At the time, I believed the former was the case.

"If we were to set fire to all this stuff," I said, as we seated ourselves, "we might find the sphere among the ashes."

Cavor did not seem to hear me. He was peering under his hand at the stars, that still, in spite of the intense sunlight, were abundantly visible in the sky. "How long do you think we have been here?" he asked at last.

"Been where?"

"On the moon."

"Two days perhaps."

"More nearly ten. Do you know, the sun is past its zenith, and sinking in the west. In four days' time or less it will be night."

"But-we've eaten only once!"

"I know that. And — But there are the stars!"

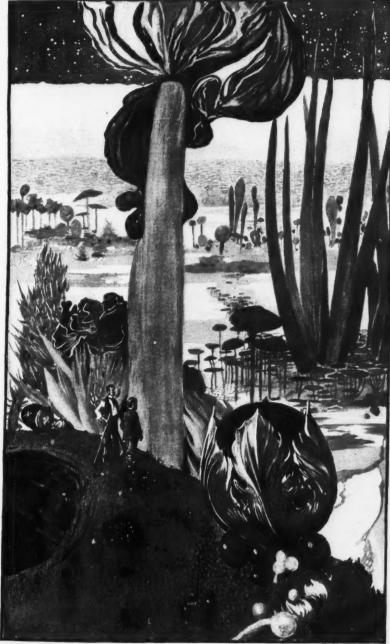
"But why should time seem different because we are on a smaller planet?"

"I don't know. There it is!"

"How does one tell time?"

"Hunger—fatigue—all those things, are different. Everything is different. Everything. To me it seems that since first we came out of the sphere has been only a question of hours—long hours—at most."

"Ten days," I said; "that leaves-"
I looked up at the sun for a moment,



Drawn by E. Hering.
"THE CREST ON WHICH WE WERE WAS HIGH AND COMMANDED A WIDE PROSPECT OF THE CRATER LANDSCAPE."

and then saw that it was halfway from the the sphere we cannot find, and they will "Four days! Cavor, we mustn't sit here and effort that ended here in vain!" and dream. How do you think we may begin?"

I stood up.

"We must get a fixed point we can recognize. We might hoist a flag or a handkerchief or something, and quarter the ground and work round that."

He stood up beside me.

"Yes," he said, "there is nothing for it but to hunt the sphere. Nothing. may find it-certainly we may find it. And if not--"

"We must keep on looking."

He looked this way and that, glanced up at the sky and down at the tunnel, and astonished me by a sudden gesture of impatience. "Oh, but we have done foolishly! To have come to this pass! Think how it might have been and the things we might have done!"

"We may do something yet."

"Never the thing we might have done. Here below our feet is a world. Think of what that world must be. Think of that machine we saw and the lid and the shaft. They were just remote outlying things, and those creatures we have seen and fought with, no more than ignorant peasants, dwellers in the outskirts, yokels and laborers half akin to brutes. Down below! Caverns beneath caverns, tunnels, structures, ways- It must open out and be greater and wider and more populous as one descends. Assuredly. Right down at last to the central sea that washes round the core of the moon. Think of its inky waters under the spare lights. If indeed their eyes need lights. Think of the cascading tributaries pouring down their channels to feed it. Think of the tides upon its surface and the rush and swirl of its ebb and flow. Perhaps they have ships that go out upon it, perhaps down there are mighty cities and swarming ways, and wisdom and order passing the wit of man. And we may die here upon it and never see the masters who must be-ruling over these things. We may freeze and die here and the air has still in his little life down there far will freeze and thaw upon us, and then more than he can do. No! Science has - Then they will come upon us, come

zenith to the western edge of things, understand at last, too late, all the thought

"But the darkness," I said.

"One might get over that."

"How?"

"I don't know. How am I to know? One might carry a torch, one might have a lamp-- The others-might understand."

He stood for a moment with his hands held down and a rueful face, staring out over the waste that defied him. Then. with a gesture of renunciation, he turned toward me with proposals for the systematic hunting of the sphere.

"We can return," I said.

"First of all He looked about him. we shall have to get to earth."

"We could bring back lamps to carry, and climbing-irons, and a hundred necessary things.'

"Yes," he said.

"We can take back an earnest of success in this gold.'

He looked at my golden crowbars, and said nothing for a space. He stood with his hands clasped behind his back, staring across the crater. At last he sighed and spoke. "It was I found the way here, but to find a way isn't always to be master of a way. If I take my secret back to earth what will happen? I do not see how I can keep my secret for a year, for even a part of a year. Sooner or later it must come out, even if other men rediscovered it. And then Governments and powers will struggle to get hither. will fight against one another and against these moon-people. It will only spread warfare and multiply the occasions of war. In a little while, in a very little while if I tell my secret, this planet to its deepest galleries will be strewn with human dead. Other things are doubtful but that is certain. It is not as though men had any use for the moon. What good would the moon be to men? Even of their own planet what have they made but a battleground and theater of infinite folly? Small as his world is, and short as his time, man toiled too long forging weapons for fools upon our stiff and silent bodies, and find to use. It is time she held her hand.

Let him find it out for himself again—in a thousand years' time."

"There are methods of secrecy," I said.

He looked up at me and smiled. "After all," he said, "why should one worry? There is little chance of our finding the sphere, and down below things are brewing. It's simply the human habit of hoping till we die, that makes us think of Our troubles are only beginning. We have shown these moon-folk violence, we have given them a taste of our quality, and our chances are about as good as a tiger's that has got loose and killed a man in Hyde Park. The news of us must be running down from gallery to gallery, down toward the central parts- No sane beings will ever let us take that sphere back to earth, after so much as they have seen of us."

"We aren't improving our chances," said I, "by sitting here."

We stood up side by side.

"After all," he said, "we must separate. We must stick up a handkerchief on these tall spikes here and fasten it firmly, and from this as a center we must work over the crater. You must go westward, moving out in semicircles to and fro toward the setting sun. You must move first with your shadow on your right until it is at right angles with th direction of your handkerchief, and then with your shadow on your left. And I will do the same to We will look into every gully, the east. examine every skerry of rocks-we will do all we can to find my sphere. If we see Selenites, we will hide from them as well as we can. For drink we must take snow, and if we feel the need of food we must kill a mooncalf if we can and eat such flesh as it has, raw; and each will go his own way."

"And if one of us comes upon the

"He must come back to the white handkerchief and stand by it and signal to the other"

"And if neither ?"

Cavor glanced up at the sun. "We go on seeking until the night and cold over-take us."

"Suppose the Selenites have found the sphere and hidden it?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Or if presently they come hunting us?"

He made no answer.

"You had better take a club," I said.

He shook his head, and stared away from me across the waste. "Let us start," he said.

But for a moment he did not start. He looked at me shyly, he sitated. "Au revoir," he said.

I felt an odd stab of emotion. I was on the point of asking him to shake hands -for that somehow was how I felt just then-when he put his feet together and leaped away from me toward the north. He seemed to drift through the air as a dead leaf would do, fell lightly, and leaped again. I stood for a moment watching him, then faced westward reluctantly, pulled myself together and, with something of the feeling of a man who leaps into icy water, selected a leaping-point and plunged forward to explore my solitary half of the moon-world. I dropped rather clumsily among rocks, stood up and looked about me, clambered onto a rocky slab and leaped again. When presently I looked for Cavor, he was hidden from my eyes, but the handkerchief showed out bravely on its headland, white in the blaze of the sun. I determined not to lose sight of that handkerchief, whatever might betide.

XIX.

MR. BEDFORD ALONE.

In a little while, it seemed to me as though I had always been alone on the moon. I hunted for a time with a certain intentness, but the heat was still very great, and the thinness of the air felt like a hoop about one's chest. I came presently into a hollow basin bristling with tall, brown, dry fronds about its edge, and I sat down under these to rest and cool. I intended to rest for only a little while. I put down my club beside me and sat resting my chin on my hands. I saw with a sort of colorless interest that the rocks of the basin, where here and there the crackling dry lichens had shrunk away to show them, were all veined and splattered with gold, that here and there bosses of rounded and wrinkled gold projected from among the

What did that matter now? A rubbed my eyes and stretched my arms, and mind. I did not believe for a mo- at once prepared to resume my search. seemed to lack a motive for effort until the Selenites should come. Then, I supposed, I should exert myself, obeying that unreasonable imperative which urges a man before all things to preserve and defend his life, albeit he may preserve it only to die more painfully in a little while.

"Why had we come to the moon?"

The thing presented itself to me as a perplexing problem. What is this spirit in man that urges him forever to depart from happiness and security, to toil, to place himself in danger, to risk even a reasonable certainty of death? It dawned upon me up there in the moon as a thing I ought always to have known, that man is not made simply to go about being safe and comfortable and well-fed and amused, and that man himself, if you put the thing to him not in words but in the shape of opportunities, will show that he knows that this is so. Sitting there in the midst of that useless moon-gold, amidst the things of another world, I took count of all my life. Assuming I was to die a castaway upon the moon, I failed altogether to see what purpose I had served; I got Cavor. my life before that I was not serving my truth never served the purposes of my private life. I ceased to speculate on why we had come to the moon, and took a wider sweep. Why had I come to the earth? Why had I a private life at all? I lost myself at last in bottomless specula-

My thoughts became vague and cloudy, no longer leading in definite directions. I had not felt heavy or weary-I cannot imagine one's doing so upon the moonbut I suppose I was greatly fatigued. any rate, I slept.

think, and the sun was setting and the violence of the heat abating through all chief, when suddenlythe time I slumbered. When at last I was roused from my slumbers by a remote clamor, I felt active and capable again. I me.

sort of languor had possession of my limbs I rose to my feet-I was a little stiff-and ment that we should ever find the sphere shouldered my golden clubs, one on each in that vast desiccated wilderness. I shoulder, and went on out of the ravine of the gold-veined rocks.

> The sun was certainly lower, much lower than it had been; the air was very much I perceived I must have slept cooler. some time. It seemed to me that a faint touch of misty blueness hung about the western cliff. I leaped to a little boss of rock and surveyed the crater. see no signs of mooncalves or Selenites, nor could I see Cavor, but I could see my handkerchief afar off spread out on its thicket of thorns. I looked about me, and then leaped forward to the next convenient viewpoint.

I beat my way round in a semicircle, and back again in a still remoter crescent. was very fatiguing and hopeless. air was really very much cooler, and it seemed to me that the shadow under the westward cliff was growing broad. Ever and again I stopped and reconnoitered, but there was no sign of Cavor, no sign of Selenites, and it seemed to me the mooncalves must have been driven into the interior again-I could see none of them. I became more and more desirous of seeing The winged outline of the sun no light on that point, but at any rate it had sunk now until it was scarcely the diswas clearer to me than it had ever been in tance of its diameter from the rim of the sky. I was oppressed by the idea that the own purpose, that all my days I had in Selenites would presently close their lids and valves and shut us out under the inexorable onrush of the lunar night. seemed to me high time that he abandoned his search and that we took counsel to-We must decide soon. gether. these valves were closed, we were lost men. We must get into the moon again, though we were slain in doing it. I had a vision of our freezing to death, and hammering with our last strength on the valve of the great pit.

Indeed, I took no thought any more of the sphere. I thought only of finding Sleeping there rested me greatly, I Cavor again. I was weighing the advisability of a prompt return to our handker-

I saw the sphere!

I did not find it so much as it found It was lying much farther to the

westward than I had come, and the sloping rays of the sinking sun reflected from its glass had suddenly proclaimed its presence in a dazzling beam. For an instant I thought this was some new device of the Selenites against us, and then I understood, and shouted a ghostly shout and set off in vast leaps toward it. I missed one of my leaps and dropped into a deep ravine and twisted my ankle, and after that I stumbled at almost every leap. I was in a state of hysterical agitation, trembling violently and quite breathless, long before I got to it. Three times, at least, I had to stop with my hands resting on my side, and spite of the thin dryness of the air the perspiration was wet upon my

I thought of nothing but the sphere until I reached it; I forgot even my trouble of Cavor's whereabouts. My last leap flung me with my hands hard upon its glass; then I lay against it panting and trying vainly

to shout: "Cavor! Here is the sphere!" I peered through the thick glass and the things inside seemed tumbled. at last I could move, I hoisted it over a little, and thrust my head through the The screw stopper was inmanhole. side, and I could see now that nothing had been touched, nothing had suffered. It lay there as we had left it when we had dropped out amidst the snow. For a time I was wholly occupied in making and remaking this inventory. I was trembling violently, I found, when I came to handle one of the blankets. But it was good to see that familiar dark interior again! Presently I crept inside and sat down among the things. I packed up my gold clubs in the bale and took a little food, not so much because I wanted it but be-



signal for my fellow-explorer Cavor.

After all, everything was coming right. There would be still time for us to get more of the magic stone that gives one mastery over men. Away there, close handy, was gold for the picking up, and the sphere would travel as well half full of gold as though it were empty. We could go back now masters of ourselves and our world, and then—

I had an enormous vision of vast and dazzling possibilities that held me dreaming for a space. What monopolist, what emperor, that could compare for a moment with the men who owned the moon?

I roused myself, and it was time to fetch Cavor. No doubt he was toiling despairfully, away there to the east.

I clambered out of the sphere again at

last, and looked about me. The growth and decay of the vegetation had gone on apace, and the whole aspect of the rocks had changed, but still it was possible to make out the slope on which the seeds had germinated and the rocky mass from which we had taken our first view of the crater. But the spiky shrub on the slope stood brown and sere now and thirty feet high, and cast long shadows that stretched out of sight, and the little seeds that clustered in its upper branches were brown and ripe. Its work was done, and it was brittle and ready to fall and crumple under the freezing air so soon as the nightfall And the huge cacti that had came. swollen as we watched them had long since burst and scattered their spores to the four quarters of the moon. Amazing little corner in the universe-the landingplace of men! Some day I would have an inscription standing there right in the midst of the hollow. It came to me, if only this teeming world within knew of the full import of the moment, how furious its tumult would become! But as yet it could scarcely be dreaming of the significance of our coming. For if it did, the crater would surely be an uproar of pursuit instead of as still as death. I looked about for some place from which I might signal to Cavor, and saw that same patch of rock to which he had first leaped, still bare and barren in the sun. For a moment I hesitated at going so far from the sphere. Then, with a pang of shame at that hesitation, I leaped-

From this vantage-point I surveyed the crater again. Far away at the top of the enormous shadow I cast, was the little white handkerchief fluttering on the bushes. It seemed to me that by this time he ought to be looking for me. But he was nowhere to be seen.

I stood waiting and watching, hands shading my eyes, expecting every moment to distinguish him. Very probably I stood there for quite a long time. I tried to shout and was reminded of the thinness of the air. I made an undecided step back toward the sphere. But a lurking dread of the Selenites made me hesitate to signal my whereabouts by hoisting one of our sleeping-blankets on the adjacent scrub.

I searched the crater again.

It had an effect of bleak emptiness that chilled me. And it was still. Any sound of the Selenites, in the world beneath even, had died away. It was as still as death. Save for the faint stir of the shrub about me in the little breeze that was rising, there was no sound nor shadow of a sound. And it was not warm now; the breeze was even a little fresh.

Confound Cavor!

I took a deep breath. I put my hands to the sides of my mouth. "Cavor!" I bawled, and the sound was like some manikin shouting far away.

I looked at the handkerchief; I looked behind me at the broadening shadow of the westward cliff; I looked under my hand at the sun. It seemed to me that almost visibly it was creeping down the sky.

I felt I must act instantly if I was to save Cavor. I whipped off my jacket and flung it as a mark on the sere bayonets of the shrubs behind me, and then set off in a straight line toward the handkerchief. Perhaps it was a couple of miles away—a matter of a few hundred leaps and strides. I have already told how one seemed to hang through those lunar leaps. In each suspense I sought Cavor, and marveled why he should be hidden. I tried to think of it only in that way, as if that were the only possibility.

A last leap and I was in the depression below our handkerchief, a stride and I stood on our former vantage-point within arm's-reach of it. I stood up straight and scanned the world about me, between its lengthening bars of shadow. Far away, down a long declivity, was the opening of the tunnel up which we had fled, and my shadow reached toward it, stretched toward it and touched it like a finger of the night.

Not a sign of Cavor, not a sound in all the stillness, only that the stir and waving of the shrub and of the shadows increased. And suddenly and violently I shivered. "Cav——" I began, and realized once more the uselessness of the human voice in that thin air.

Silence. The silence of death.

Then it was my eye caught something—a little thing, lying perhaps fifty yards away down the slope amidst a litter of bent and broken branches. What was it? I knew, and yet for some reason I would not know.

(To be concluded.)



and for Molière. In Greece, for instance, the mystic dances of the Eleusinia led to the performance of a primitive miracle-play representing the sorrows and consolations of Demeter; and in these mystic dinces therefore we must seek the germ of Greek tragedy. In England again, the robust fooling of the fun-loving medieval burghers-as we find it preserved in the laughable scenes of Noah and his wife-was one of the roots out of which was to spring the splendid flower of English romantic comedy. And in France, once more, the fabliau hastily cast into dialogue by some wandering jongleur to serve a chance occasion, must be studied carefully if we wish to understand how it was that

in due time there was elaborated the searching and dignified comedy of France.

The necessary part played by the unliterary drama in the growth of a great dramatic literature is often overlooked, because' when the drama is once established securely as form of poetry, its humble origin



would be if we could trace the successive stages of the evolution of the folk-play into the poetic drama, we are foiled in the attempt by the scantiness of the records the folk-theater has left. The text of the miracle-play of Demeter is lost forever, if indeed it ever existed save in oral tradition. The miracle-play and the comic scene served their purpose and passed out of men's memories, save for a casual allusion here and there. The historian of literature has collected many of these allusions, but he has not always seen their significance nor has he admitted the necessity of completing the collection.

In his consideration of the races of Europe, Professor Ripley declares that "the greatest obstacle heretofore to the prosecution of the half-written history of the common people has been the lack of proper raw materials. There is a mine of information here which has been barely opened to view on the surface." Probably the best way for the student of dramatic evolution to get at this mine of information is to avail himself, so far as may be, of the methods of comparative anthropology. It was the adoption of these methods which enabled Mr. Lang to solve some of the most puzzling problems of mythology. Just as Mr. Lang made use of his acquaintance with the snake-dance of the

> Mokis of Arizona to elucidate a somewhat similar ceremony recorded in the pages of Demosthenes, so any one who wishes to understand the unliterary drama of the past must make himself familiar with the unliterary drama of the present - with the rough melodrama of the cheap theaters, with the vigorous and violent farce of the variety-show,

with the song-and-

dance of the socarelessly forgotten. However profitable it called vaudeville performances, with the primitive plays proffered by negro-minstrels and circus clowns.

> An investigator of dramaturgic history who has also an acquaintance with these various specimens of the unliterary drama of his own time, is continually happening upon significant parallelisms. He keeps finding what may be termed either curious anticipations in the past or else strange survivals in the present. For instance, the dialogues of Tabarin and his master are probably fairly typical of the chop-logic conversations between the quack-doctor and his jack-pudding throughout the Middle Ages and well on into modern times.



A FOOLS' DANCE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

comic dialogue flourishing now in the twentieth century here in America and France, is it too hazardous to hint a possibility that something not unlike it may have been known in Greece in the third century before our era and that perhaps Epicharmos and Sophron anticipated the humorous methods of Tabarin two thousand years before the Franco-Italian jester was born?

M. Maurice Albert has recently told us the story of the rise and fall of the theaters which were allowed to exist in one or another of the fairs held at different seasons of the year in different quarters of Paris from the middle of the seventeenth century to the end of the eighteenth. In his instructive pages we are allowed to trace the successive stages of a slow evolution at the end of which the dramatic literature of France was enriched by two wholly new forms, the opéra-comique and the melodrama-forms as prolific in the past century as either comedy or tragedy and as characteristic of the French dramatic faculty. M. Albert traces the steps by which the showmen who exhibited at first only feats of strength and skill, tight-rope-dancing, ground and lofty tumbling, and the like, speedily broke out into song-and-dance and then rapidly elaborated song-and-dance into parody of the more pretentious performances of the Opéra and of the Comédie

Now, almost the first thing which strikes Française, still relying upon acrobatics as the reader of the "Œuvres de Tabarin" - an important element in the delight they after he has made due allowance for their gave to those who paid to see their perflagrant grossness-is the close analogy formances. Having no ulterior aim and between those dialogues and the give-and- trying only to amuse the pleasure-seeking take repartee with which the clown in the Parisians, the theater of the Fair expanded circus gets the better of the pompous ring- freely except in so far as the Opéra and master, and the cut-and-thrust retorts the Comédie Française were able to cramp which the end-man of the negro-minstrels its development. It called to its aid the retaliates upon the polysyllabic interloc- adroit and fertile Le Sage, and his collabo-If we find this type of violently rators, some of them almost as ingenious as he. It strove solely to divert without thought of literary standards, and so it also early in the seventeenth century in grew luxuriantly for a century and a quarter; and when at last the Fair outlived its usefulness and was abandoned, more than one of its theaters was firmly established on the Boulevard to remain to this day the home of melodrama, born, nurtured and brought to maturity in the Fair.

> It was for these melodramatic theaters that Pixérécourt and Ducange wrote their striking and effective dramas, essentially the same as the plays which had been performed in the Fair, although somewhat ampler in manner and perhaps more artistically complicated in plot. And it was from the Boulevard melodramatists of the first quarter of this century, it was from Ducange and Pixérécourt and their associates, that the Romanticists of 1830 learned how to construct a plot which would hold an audience breathless.

A melodrama may be defined roughly as a piece in which the situations create the characters and in which the persons of the play exist chiefly if not solely for the sake of the plot; whereas in tragedy and in the serious drama it is what the characters are that is important, rather than what they do, and the action is devised to reveal these characters completely. The difference between Hugo's "Ruy Blas" and Dumas' "Tour de Nesle," on the one hand, and on the other "Trente Ans, ou la



TYPES OF ITALIAN COMEDIANS, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Vie d'un Joueur, " is not a difference in kind; it is only a difference in literary skill. Melodrama had come to maturity without the aid of literature, and now that it had proved itself, the men of letters adopted it as their own. No doubt the historian of dramatic literature, as he studies to-day the annals of the earlier theater, can discover here and there plays which fall within the definition of melodrama; he can find them not only in the century and to the commedia dell' arte, Elizabethan tragedy-of-blood but even nor to the eighteenth century and the among the works of the Greek tragedians. But it was not from Greek tragedy or in the nineteenth century there are in-Elizabethan that modern melodrama sprang, but from the unpretending efforts the variety-show into a more elaborate of the modest and enterprising purveyors dramatic form. In the years just before of amusement who directed the varietyshows of the Parisian fairs during the eighteenth century and who sought by every means to arouse and to retain the interest of their chance audiences.

From the same primitive song-and-dance in the same variety-show during the same hundred years, was also developed opéracomique-not merely the comic opera which is often only buffoonery and glitter, but the finer form of which "Crown Diamonds" may be taken as the type and of which "Mignon" and "Carmen" are later ex-

amples. The opéra-comique, it is true, is not wholly the child of the folk-theater of the Fair; it is partly the result of a fusion of one of the theaters of the Fair with the so-called comédie-italienne. But the comédie-italienne itself was the child of another folk-theater. It had been established to afford a shelter in France for the Italian actors of improvised comic plays, the commedia dell' arte. Now the

Italian actors of this comedyof-masks were in the beginning only a step removed from the performers of the variety-show; even under Louis XIV. in the days of the famous Arlequin Dominique, they freely intermingled acrobatics with their dramatics, and their clown had to be as ready to turn a somersault as to crack a joke. It is to be recorded here also. that earlier in its career this

improvised comic drama - frankly unliterary as it was, since the play was even unwritten, being plotted only-had proved a stimulus to the youthful Molière, whose 'prentice work discloses an obvious imitation of the methods of the Italian comedians. From these graduates of the folk-theater Molière learned how to show a story in action so briskly as never to bore the spectators.

Nor need we go back to the seventeenth French theater of the Fair; here in America stances enough of a like development from 1870 the Hanlon Brothers were a group of highly skilful acrobats, trapeze-performers, hat-spinners, and so forth; and in the few years just after 1870 they revealed themselves as most ingenious pantomimists, finally taking part in an actual play, the "Voyage en Suisse," in which their gymnastic accomplishments were held in subjection to their mimetic efforts. In almost exactly the same years Mr. Denman Thompson began modifying and enriching a rather elementary dramatic sketch, known as "Josh Whitcomb among



TYPES OF ITALIAN COMEDIANS, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

the Female Bathers'' (and performed in negro-and the sketch New York city at a hall which the police in one act was enlarged closed more than once when the exhibitions to a comic play in two crossed the line of toleration), into the latter-day pastoral, "The Old Homestead," the long-continued popularity of which undoubtedly made it easier for Mr. Herne to delight us with his simple and truthful "Shore Acres" and "Sag Harbor."

A more striking example can be found in the theatrical career of Mr. Edward Harrigan. This ingenious performer came to New York some twenty-five years ago with an associate named Hart; and the two appeared together in a variety-show, singing songs (the words of which were written by Mr. Harrigan), and impersonating always distinct types of Americanized Irishmen. These songs had a strong local flavor and the music composed for them was happily tuneful; and the favor with which they were received led Mr. Harrigan

first to expand the spoken dialogues which intervened between the stanzas and the recurrent chorus, and then to call in the aid of other variety-performers also skilled in reproducing the readily recogniz-

ENGLISH TUMBLERS, FOURTEENTH CENTURY

action, which was at first single song, was broadened into the semblance of a plot, thus making a oneact farce in which there bers and in which there figured a variety of local types; such a farce was 'The Mulligan Guards' Pienie." Then, in turn, others of the dwellers in acts and finally in three

Thus in less than a score of years a definite type of humorous drama had been developed in a single city by the effort of one man, a type which might have survived and got itself recognized as such in dramatic literature if it had had the fortune to be ITALIAN TYPE OF PUNCHadopted by other play-



CENTURY.

wrights of equal skill and of an equal knowledge of local conditions or if Mr. Harrigan himself had been able to retain his position at this level.

"Acting was the especial amusement of the English, from the palace to the village

> green, " Froude records. "The mystery plays came first; next popular legends; and then the great figures of English History came out upon the stage, or stories

able characteristics of Hibernian New from Greek and Roman writers; or some-Yorkers. The original duet was elaborated times it was an extemporized allegory. into a more populous musical-sketch, of Shakespeare himself has left us many pictwhich "The Mulligan Guards" was the ures of the village drama. Doubtless he earliest example. The elementary dramatic had seen many a Bottom in the old Warwickshire hamlets. He had been with Snug the mere decoration of a the joiner, Quince the carpenter, and Flute the bellows-mender, when a boy, we will not question, and acted with them and written their parts for them." Of these mysteries and chronicle-plays and extemwere several musical num-, porized allegories, we have not a few specimens preserved for us by good fortune, and we can see that they are rude things most of them, now and then roughly effective in the acting, no doubt, but ever lacking in literature. Even when the scholar had lent a hand in the fashioning the motley tenement-house of them, he had laid aside his learning and districts were introduced written as one of the ignorant. Here we the German, the Italian, have plays composed by the people, and the Chinaman and the for the people-true folk-plays for the



THIRTEENTH CENTURY.





SCARAMOUCHE, SEVEN-TEENTH CENTURY.

real theatrical performances existed the promise and the potency of the brilliant and mirthful Shakespearian comedy and of the aweinspiring and soulsearching Shakespearian tragedy. It is because these theatrical performances were popular, be-

cause they pleased the people, because they so valuable to the dramatists who came hope to flourish as a form of poetry. than the unknown contriver of the chronicle-plays or than the forgotten extemporizer of allegory. These folk-plays might be without many things that we think desirable in a work of dramatic art; but they had the one thing needful.

This one thing needful is precisely what was wanting in the stiff and scholastic dramatic attempts of the more learned poets in answer to the demand of the Italianate critics. Sir Philip Sidney, for example, obviously relished in a play not is essential dramatic quality, but its exernal conformity with the rules as these had been codified by Renascence theorizers. He did not grasp the fundamental fact that the proof of the play is in the acting. It in the growth of the is of secondary importance whether the piece can be read with pleasure in the library; the prime merit is that it can be affections of the people. seen with pleasure on the stage. Here Aristotle, whom Sidney cites with humility, is not in agreement with him, for the great Greek critic is plainly of opinion that the dramatist must never narrow his appeal.

Sidney was as wrong on one side in rejecting the popular element as the unlettered folk-playwright was on the other in not paying due regard to the desires of the cultivated. The difficulty of the dramatist-and his great reward if he overcomes it-is that he cannot limit his audience to a clique or caste or a sect as even when modern literature the novelist may. It is a condition prece- was on its probation, ENTERNTH CENTURY

folk-theater; dent of his success that he must interest and in these popular men and women, young and old, rich and poor, the absolutely ignorant and the highly cultivated. The histories of Shakespeare and his joyous and melancholy comedies were prepared to amuse at once the groundlings who stood in the yard, the gallants who sat on the stage, and the city madams who flirted in the rooms above.

It is only by adopting the practices of the earlier playwrights trained in the folktheater, that the later dramatists can hope to prepare plays able to hold the interest of the unlettered majority while also able to delight the more literary minority. It is only when playgoers and players and showed by example how the people were to playmakers have long been accustomed to be pleased, that they were so suggestive and working together, that the drama can after, writers more highly cultivated in have the whole history of dramatic literataste and more richly endowed by nature ture to bear witness to this assertion, that the poetic drama can be born with a chance of survival only when the poet is willing to take over the simple form wrought out by the humble playmaker of the folk-theater. The poet may refine upon what he borrows, he may even in time remake it; but he must begin where the earlier craftsman left off. The ancient Greeks, for instance, were artistically the most gifted of peoples; and they were able to raise their folk-drama to a form of poetry by their own unerring instinct for the beautiful, by their own transcendent feeling for perfection. But in all modern literatures, the influence of the Greek drama has ever been most stimulating, but only when it was accepted as an ally to aid

> native folk-theater solidly rooted in the Whenever and wherever the Greek drama was imposed as an absolute model to be accepted without regard to modern needs and modern conditions, it was instantly sterilizing.

> In their desire for a drama which should also be a form of poetry, the critics of the Renascence,



Greeks as an unapproachable idealand their respect was none the less because they may really have preferred the rhetorical and didactic Seneca to the truly tragic Sophocles. In the sixteenth century, when the Italian esthetic theorists were beginning to forge the triple framework of the Unities of Action, of Time, and of Place, a steel cage in which so many of the poets of Europe were to be confined, Italy itself had a flourishing folk-theater. also, where the plain people were entertained with mysteries and moralities, with brisk interludes and broad farces. But in Italy this folk-theater had assumed a form special to itself-the commedia dell' arte, the comedy-of-masks. Strolling companies of actors, each of whom represented always the same fixed character whatever

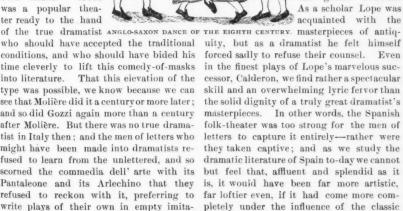
the circumstances of the story, were accustomed to perform improvised piecesdramas in which the plot was outlined only and in which the players made up the dialogue out of their own heads. Here was a popular theater ready to the hand

conditions, and who should have bided his time cleverly to lift this comedy-of-masks into literature. That this elevation of the type was possible, we know because we can see that Molière did it a century or more later; and so did Gozzi again more than a century after Molière. But there was no true dramatist in Italy then; and the men of letters who might have been made into dramatists refused to learn from the unlettered, and so scorned the commedia dell' arte with its Pantaleone and its Arlechino that they refused to reckon with it, preferring to write plays of their own in empty imitation of Terence-not knowing that if the improvised comedy is really derived from the fabulæ Atellanæ, it has the same remote ancestry as Latin comedy. Because the folk-theater of the plain people and would social instinct of the people and their

reverenced the tragedy of the great not condescend to help it to higher things, Italy failed to possess a native drama. The plays that the men of letters wrote, had no roots in the soil and they withered speedily. The plays that the people enjoyed, continued to be without literary quality. As a form of poetry the drama can scarcely be said to exist in Italy until the end of the eighteenth century, and then it is a transplanted exotic from France.

Spain was more fortunate. Spain had also its folk-theater, seemingly very similar So had France and Spain and England to that which had come into being in England. In Lope da Vega the loerian peninsula had luckily the man of letters that the Italian peninsula lacked-a man of letters willing to take the existing unliterary theatrical form and raise it into a form of poetry. Unhappily, however,

Lope was more of a popular playmaker than he was a poet. He was often afraid to do his best, and was not moved to keep the varied movement of the traditional folkplay and to combine with this the order and the elevation of the great Greeks. As a scholar Lope was



to accept their guidance. In France, where the folk-theater was Italian men of letters despised the existing as active and as vigorous as in Spain, the

ideal-if, while refusing blind obedience to the ancients, it had been more willing

before they thought of the cultivated. Yet the French are the inheritors of the Latin tradition and they have a national liking for the strong arm of the law, so that the code of the Three Unities appealed to them far more than it did to the earlier mysteries were presented. In Engplay were shown on separate carts adorned was and often unwritten. We can see also

with scenery, not unlike these we now call floats (they were then termed "pageants"); but in France the various scenes were set up all together on a long stage, with Heaven on the far right and with Hellmouth on the far left, while the Temple and the House of the High Priest and the Lake of Genazaret stretched along, one by the side of the other, all visible at

was more satisfactory than anywhere else. The English dramatists rejected absolutely the artificial legislation of the Italian critics, that they accepted the essential principles of classic art. The contemporary critics

eagerness for logic, for order and even for great Greek tragedies, perhaps seen dimly restraint, made the task easier for the Ital- through a translation, that we can underianate critics who demanded an implicit stand how it was that the robust play acceptance of the classicist doctrine. Fort- which had no pretense to art or to literaunately, Rotrou and Corneille and Molière ture and which was planned solely to please began all of them as practical playwrights the groundlings who reveled in the gore learning how to please the plain people and the bombast and the violence of the tragedy-of-blood-how it was that this uncouth play was purified by slow degrees and transformed at last so that the same public was led to enjoy and to applaud "Othello" and "Macbeth."

Thus we see that the Elizabethan drama Spaniards. And its acceptance was hast- which is the chief glory of English literaened by a special circumstance derived ture, is like the Spanish drama of the from the conditions under which the golden period and like the French drama of Louis XIV., in that it was an outgrowth land the successive acts of this primitive of the native folk-play, unliterary as that

> -and it would not be difficult to demonstrate in detail-that the closet-drama, so called, that the play written with no intent that it should be played, that the poem in dialogue composed by a man of letters without regard to the actual conditions of the theater of his own time, has contributed nothing whatever to this splendid result. "Samson Agonistes" and "Manfred" and "Prometheus Un -



MOUNTEBANK'S STAGE, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

In this conflict between the mere theories bound" are important to the lovers of of the scholars and the actual practice of English poetry but they may be neglected the popular playmakers, the former got by the historians of the English drama. the better of it in France and the latter in They were wholly without influence on Spain. In England the result of the struggle the drama which was a living thing. They are as academic (and almost as unreal from one point of view) as "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Merope." They but their masterpieces survive to prove stand outside the current, like the absurd plays written by the Nun of Gandesheim which occupy an inexcusable space in some could not be expected to see this; and even histories of the drama. An anonymous the English dramatists themselves may have farce like "Patelin" is of more importance been unconscious of their conformity with in the history of French comedy than are Greek ideals. Yet it is only by allowing all the unactable plays of Byron and Sheldue weight to the mighty influence ex- ley, of Browning and Swinburne, in the erted by even a slight familiarity with the history of English tragedy. Victor Hugo's



ITALIAN MOUNTEBANKS AND MUMMERS, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Hernani" is an important document in of the folk-theater to be educating a pubthe record of French drama, but his "Cromwell" (which was never performed) is of significance only because of its preface. And "Hernani" when stripped of its lyric adornment, is seen to depend for its interest on devices invented by Pixérécourt and Ducange when they were bringing to its mechanical perfection a dramatic form originally developed in the folk-theater.

The great dramatists have ever been glad to accept the mold used by their immediate predecessors, even though this mold was soon to be cracked by their purer metal and cast aside. Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière each of them inherited a traditional type of play and accepted it unhes-Their mastery of their art and their mightier endowment enabled them later to make over anew the traditional form they had assimilated early and to stamp it with their own image and superscription, and to pass it along to their successors enlarged and enriched. Like the architects of genius, these dramatists of genius began where their inspired contemporaries left off; and probably the dramatists have felt the necessity of accepting the current traditional way of doing things, even more than the architects, for whereas the architect may be dependent only on a single patron and may therefore persuade him to permit a violent departure from the customary practice, the dramatist dare not risk anything freakish or abnormal since his appeal is to the public as a whole, and the public as a whole is inexpugnably conservative. It is the privilege of the unliterary playmaker who provides the program Shakespeare and Molière.

lie for the later and more literary dramatist who is going to supersede him. Froude puts it with his usual impressiveness, "No great general ever rose out of a nation of cowards; no great statesman or philosopher out of a nation of fools; no great artist out of a nation of materialists; no great dramatist except when the drama was the passion of the people." And it ought to be evident that the drama can never become the passion of the people, unless the unliterary playwright of the folktheater has gone before, training the players, making ready the playhouses, and above all arousing the interest and expectancy of the public.

To admit that the folk-theater is important, to seek to learn how it had its being, to recognize that there are various stages of its development open to our study even at this late day, to spy out the secret of its power to please the people, to grasp the vital fact that the drama is something still alive and to be observed best in its living manifestations on the stage-to do these things is at least to make an effort to gain an understanding of the fundamental principles of the dramaturgic art. It is the obvious absence of any such understanding, of any appreciation of the conditions under which plays are composed and produced, and of the reasons why they have succeeded or failed when actually performed in the theater-it is the absence of this understanding and appreciation which vitiates so many of the scholarly attempts to elucidate the masterpieces of Sophocles and



ENGLISH MUMMERS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE SECRET ORCHARD.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK I.—THE AFTERNOON.

"Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depth of hell."-Proverbs.

HE worthlessness of the Stuart has been demonstrated to us by every impartial historian.

Recent discoveries, we are told, will shortly place before the world the true Mary Stuart in all her falseness and depravity, while ruthless pens have long ago scratched away the last shred of personal worth, consistency and manly honor from the pathetic figure of the Martyr-King; the best that honest English Thackeray can say for the second Charles is that he was not a royal "snob" like his grandfather; the very name of the second James is still tantamount to execration.

But fact and judgment work in vain. There will ever hang about the dethroned race a scent of romance more exquisite, memories of devotion more delicate, than any other house has yet called forth.

It is not that the breed was worthier: this has been but too amply proved. It is not, either, that it has been more unfortunate: we have invested the story of that poetic love such as that which the single the light upturned mustache; the slender, Their personal charm must have been something irresistible.

Perhaps it was from his direct ancestor, James Stuart, that Charles-Edward Fitz-Roy, Duke of Cluny, inherited the peculiar fascination that made him an object of universal popularity, amounting in his own immediate circle to a kind of adoration.

for a Stuart that this convenient aphorism child of fortune, and Nessie Rodriguez, was first coined? The Duke of Cluny was full of that wholesale condemnation which, once described as one to whom it was pos-

an attempt might be made to analyze anything so essentially elusive as "charm," a clearer idea of his personality might be given by the statement that, in connection with him, right and wrong seemed to lose their every-day meaning. Whatever he did became him. I doubt whether as a saint he would have proved half as lovable as a sinner. Withal, his sins were those the world most readily condones-those which seem to spring from an excess of generous natural qualities: open-handedness, good fellowship, reckless high spirits, delightful contempt of consequences, thorough appreciation of women, wit and wine.

Something there was of the melancholy of the doomed Stuarts about this last of their sons (but nothing, his friends averred, of Stuart meanness and falseness); much, too, was there of their integral dignity. No one would have ever taken a liberty with the Duke of Cluny, good companion as he was. At very first sight of him, it was impossible to mistake the distinctive type of beauty belonging to his lineage. The fine line of eyebrow curiously raised Bourbon who laid a more deserving, a over the long lid, and its pathetic droop more innocent head upon the block than at each temple; the long, full eye; the did our constitutionally decapitated King, high, delicate nose with its indefinable with no such glamour. Other royal rulers suggestion of scorn and the extraordinary have been deposed, disinherited, exiled; sensitiveness of its thin nostrils; the grave but yet their name is connected with no mouth, with the delusive smile given by word, Stuart, has still the power to evoke. beautiful hands—all this is familiar to our admiration from Van Dyck's magic portraits, and helps us to understand something of the personal power of the race. But what no brush could convey, what no pen attempt to describe, was the exquisite lighting up of the living face; above all, the extraordinary sweetness of the smile.

Jacques Favereau, nursing a dull fire of "The King can do no wrong." Was it wrath in his heart against this profligate in a small and inconsequent mind, is so sible to forgive everything. Perhaps if often the only alternative to correspond-

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their different manner, all adverse feelings dispelled by the first sound of the Duke

of Cluny's voice.

Perhaps not the least of this Cluny's attraction dwelt in his voice-the most persuasive, the most sweet-sounding organ that ever man was gifted with; never raised inharmoniously above its pitch, it seemed impossible to connect its accents with a vulgar or sordid emotion.

The master of the house smilingly advanced to meet his guests. To his arm clung Helen. It was characteristic of her that she made no attempt to disguise the absorbing joy that the mere presence of

her husband brought to her.

"Madame," said Cluny, bowing over Nessie's eagerly extended fingers, always a fresh pleasure to see you." He stepped back and cast a single comprehensive glance over the little figure. "Never the same, and ever more charming!"

Delighted, she knew that Paquin's "dernier cri" had not been wasted here. Then the Duke turned to shake Faver-

eau's hand.

"I am glad," he said. And he was There could be no mistaking the warmth in voice and eye and grasp. And Favereau felt his resentment die away.

"To the devil with this scamp that will not even let one be angry with him!" he

cried, impatiently, in his heart.

"We never expected you," Nessie was piping. "A delightful surprise-O King of Jack-in-the-boxes!"

She was settling a frill here and a bow there with entire self-satisfaction.

The Duke of Cluny turned his eyes, brightly happy under their melancholy

lids, upon his wife.

"Ah! you see how it is; I could not keep away any longer. The farther we are separated, the longer we are apart," said he, laying his hand for a second upon the gentle one that clasped his sleeve, "the tighter grow the cords that bind me; till there comes the time when, faith! the tension grows so painful that I must fain come home."

Nessie stared at the speaker, enthralled by the magic of his voice and manner. A little dry cough from Favereau made her start perceptibly. She seemed to give

ingly wholesale admiration, felt, each in herself a sort of mental shake, ruffling at the same time her fine feathers after her peculiar fashion.

"Well, yes," she responded, "when a man has got a wife like that at home, home is about the best place for him."

She sank back into her chair as she spoke, an action which became a signal for the others to take seats likewise.

"How right you are!" answered Cluny. So saying, he turned his wife's rockingchair to the proper angle and, in answer to the unconscious appeal of her eyes, installed himself upon the balustrade by her "Yet she has a fault, perfect as she is-a great fault in a wife: she makes absence so hard to bear."

Helen blushed rosily, like a girl.

The Duke tilted his straw hat to the back of his head and gazed across the garden slopes toward the ever-deepening west. Between him and the sky, in the absolute stillness, the opal smoke of the hamlets below rose straight and slow; about the garden swards the swallows flew with mad darts and intersecting swoops. A bell, sweetened by cool distance, rang the Angelus with innocent village note. Some nearer sentinel took up the call, and the next moment the old deep tone of the chapel bell rang out the hour and warning within Luciennes itself. In the hush Cluny heaved a long, sighing breath—the sigh of a man who gratefully draws into himself freshness and wholesomeness and peace.

He glanced down at his wife's bent As simply as the simplest child in the village below, Helen, at the call of the bell, was praying to herself. And as he looked at her he bared his head. Then he went on with his train of thought, speaking softly to the last echo of the chimes:

"When a man leaves a wife like Helen, he carries off with him a holy image, before which his little light is always burning, after the fashion of those good friends of ours, the pious Russians, you know. And it seems to him, as each hour passes away, that the colors of his Sainte Image grow more glowing, more beautiful, more adorable. Yet when he returns home the image is nothing-nothing to the reality!"

He paused, took his wife's hand, impulsively extended toward him, and kissed it, adding dreamily, as if into space:

"That is how it will be, I suppose, when the believer gains his heaven.'

The Duke's poetic sentiments, as well as the accents in which they were delivered, were in as perfect harmony with the hour and the scene as the tender serenade of the blackbird to the receding sun from the orchard below. But it must be confessed that Nessie's sudden explosion of admiration was notably the reverse.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I call that just lovely! I do believe if Rodriguez had ever made me one single speech like that, I should have forgiven him everything."

Favereau looked at the absurdly piquant face, the absurdly fashionable figure, of the diminutive lady who yearned to pose as a Sainte Image, and broke into the first hearty laugh he had given that day. She, always charmed to promote mirth, joined in with her cackle; and the sunset spell was irretrievably broken.

Here a new sound of wheels without, accompanied by the comfortable, solid trot of a pair of well-trained carriage-horses, brought hostess and guests to their feet.

Tripping as usual over her gown, Madame Rodriguez was the first to reach the angle of the terrace from whence the sweep of the entrance avenue could be overlooked.

"It's the hero, "she cried, all eagerness, after vainly peering into the green below. "You know all about him, I dare say," she called over her shoulder to Favereau. "We are bursting with pride over his exploits, we Americans. (I suppose he's heard of Santiago, Helen? One never knows with French people-they don't seem to realize there's much of a world outside France.) Oh, here they are. There's a puce parasol: that's your cat-of-an-aunt -I beg pardon, Helen, Madame la Marquise de Lormes. And there's another hat-a white straw mushroom. Oh, of course, that's the little innocent, the mysterious orphan. But where's my hero?"

"That's my child," said Helen, and shot a glance of gay defiance at Favereau. The Duke straightened himself from bending over the balustrade, ran his fingers through his crisp hair and whistled softly to himself with a look of comical, goodhumored consternation.

Favereau, "I had forgotten all about the orphan-what's her name?-faith, I doubt if I ever knew the name! Well, it amuses Helen. What is it, my dear?" for his wife stood beside him, her hand on his coatsleeve.

"Are you not coming to welcome our guests, Cluny?"

He glanced over the parapet.

"Ces messieurs are evidently walking." he observed, "and that being the case, Favereau and I will leave you to your first feminine expansion—those embraces which our masculine awkwardness would inevitably hamper! A tantôt.'

She moved from him regretfully.

"I'm coming, Helen," cried Madame Rodriguez, frankly bunching her inconvenient skirts and running after her friend as fast as her high heels would let her.

When he had watched her out of sight, Cluny fell into his wife's rocking-chair and

lit a cigarette.

"Let us enjoy things for a few moments more," said he. "How perfect it would have been if it were not for what Madame Nessie calls 'that old cat-of-an-aunt' and the rest of them!" He gave a little sigh. "What a pity that this carriage-load should break in upon us! I must be growing old, I think, for I don't feel any enthusiasm even to make the acquaintance of the American. It seems he's a fine fellow though, and has been intrusted by his government with weighty business in this Exhibition. As for Cousin Totol, I confess the youth's hoary wickedness has ceased to make me smile. And the orphan. one knows the orphan by heart already! 'Oui, monsieur. Non, monsieur.' Well, poor little soul, she can't be much in the way, and, as I say, it amuses Helen."

Favereau, absorbed in thought, his hands loosely clasped behind his back, his head bent forward on his breast, was pacing slowly up and down in the red sunset glow. A look of fatigue had fallen upon his face. It was as if some inner light had become quenched upon Helen's withdrawal.

He seemed to pay no heed to Cluny's discourse. But, with the placid egoism of "Faith!" he said in an undertone to easy friendship, the latter proceeded, raising his voice and speaking a little more emphatically, the while he luxuriously rocked himself and stretched long legs before him and long arms above his head:

"There's not another woman like her on the face of this earth! Oh, this coming home to her, the restfulness of it, the sweetness! And never banal, mon cher, any more than a clear water-spring, or the large blue sky itself, can become banal!"

M. Favereau halted in front of the swinging chair and turned for a moment his abstracted gaze upon its self-complacent occupant; then he resumed his slow, re-

flective tramp.

"You made our marriage, dear old friend," continued the Duke, tenderly, "but it is no use trying to thank you." The other walked to the end of the terrace, returned, drew a chair and sat down.

"Yes," he said, "I made this marriage, and I don't want you to thank me.'

Both his tone and movements were so heavy, so unlike the man, that, with a shade of surprise, Cluny stopped his rocking, threw away his cigarette and half sat up to examine his friend's countenance. Favereau returned the look with a long, searching gaze.

"Edward," said he then, "those were very pretty phrases you made to, and about,

your wife just now."

"Phrases? I made no phrases. spoke from my heart," answered Cluny, after a slight pause.

Again Favereau's eyes scanned the face before him with a long look. Then he

gave a deep sigh.

"I believe you are speaking the truth, I have no doubt," he said, "that you are very glad to come back to Helen. But, does it not strike you that, for a man so conscious of his wedded felicity, your absences are strangely frequent and prolonged? Are you not afraid that it may one day dawn upon Helen that these are not always occasioned by your high sense of territorial responsibility and social duties? For that is, I understand, the official explanation."

There was a complete cessation of all The movement from the rocking-chair. Duke seemed struck into as profound a meditation as the speaker himself had been a little while before. Even in the rosy light his countenance seemed to grow pale You, why, I think you know the worst.

under its tan. But there was not a shade of hesitation in the frankness of his glance, not a shade of embarrassment in his manner, when, at length, looking fully at Favereau, he answered him. The words, however, came slowly, with deep earnestness and emphasis.

"I can conceive," he said, "no greater misfortune than that Helen's peace of mind should ever be disturbed through me. I would do anything to avert that."

Silence fell again. With an abrupt change of manner, the Duke lay back in his chair, resumed his oscillation and began to roll another cigarette.

When he had thrown away his match, and blown a cloud of delicate smoke, the world was once more illumined by his charming smile.

"Bless her," he said, "she would not believe an angel from heaven were he to try to shake her faith in me!"

Favereau rose stiffly from his seat, his face suddenly drawn with anger. sturdy iron chair trembled under the weight and tension of his hand.

"And this," he said, almost in a whisper, "this is the confidence you deliberately abuse! Edward, you are a baser man than I thought you."

He turned away as he spoke and walked to the end of the terrace with a dragging step, shrinking into himself as he went. His back now looked like that of an old

Cluny sat, staring after him, with a blank look that was almost comical; then he sprang up, and hurriedly overtaking the retreating figure, flung both arms boyishly over its shoulders.

"I say," he cried, caressingly, "what fly has bitten you this evening? You know I am not base. I don't say I am worthy of Helen-that would be absurd! I have my faults, of course-

"Faults!" echoed the other, turning round upon him; and the ring of his voice, the look in his eyes, were so full of sad contempt that the Duke hung his head and dropped his glance, like a convicted urchin. "Ah," said he then, in a low voice, still looking to the ground, "Helen knows me better than any of you, in spite of everything. She alone knows the best of me.

Now I stand between: a man, a mere man. Yet," he continued, stretching out a persuasive hand, "is not a man's best self the true one?"

"Edward, Edward, Edward!" cried the elder, with a sort of groan, "these are but words. And that better self of yourswhich God forbid I should deny-knows they are but words."

He scanned the beautiful face, so extraordinarily youthful still, in spite of the silver streaks in the thick brown hair.

"Alas!" he went on, "I fear that the naughty boy whom I loved so much more than I could have loved a better one, will never die in you. I have been waiting, Edward, for the man-I have waited so long that I have lost hope at last. And one day''-Favereau's lip quivered-'one day you will break her heart!"

He leaned his elbow on the rough stonework and gazed across shadowy garden

spaces toward the misty glory.

Again Cluny's arm crept around the irresponsive shoulder, and Cluny's voice began to rise and fall in the obstinately averted ear in tones of pleading that were alternately boyishly sweet and passionately

"Don't say that! Look here, mon vieux, it's never too late to mend. Favereau, come, are you not a little hard on me? God knows I would not change my noble wife. No, not by a shade would I have her less exquisite. I will say this for myself, Favereau-she might have married a better man, easily, but there is not another man in the whole world that could understand her, feel with her, as I do. Come, you must acknowledge I have made her happy."

As the speaker became persuaded of the soundness of his own argument, his voice grew gradually more assured. It now rang out almost in triumph, and the arm was withdrawn from its embrace to assist with fine gesture the weight of words.

"Come," he repeated, "you must acknowledge I have made her happy. Do you think, if I had ever hurt the most secret of her thoughts, the least fiber of her feelings, either as wife or as saint, she would wear round her woman's face that aureole of happiness?"

eye, with stiff, resisting figure, to meet the flushed triumph of his friend.

"On the surface, your arguments are unanswerable, my prince of easy sophists," said he, with a curl upon his lip, which was, however, not all unkindly in its sarcasm. "But let us just probe a very little below this fair surface. Have you ever asked yourself how long Helen's happiness would last if-

"Stay!" interrupted Cluny, with a quick gesture. Then staring thoughtfully at Favereau: "Let me finish," he said. "I suppose you imagine that I have been what is called unfaithful to my wife?"

Favereau clutched the young man's arm. "Do you mean to tell me," he cried, "that

you have not?"

The husband hesitated a second, then he answered, firmly: "Never! Never," he went on, with an air of entire conviction, "with that better self of mine, that better self which is consecrated to her."

"Faugh!" exclaimed Favereau, pushing Cluny from him with an angry movement. Then, running his eyes over his friend's figure, and clasping his own hands behind his head, with a gesture of utter dis-"Incorrigible!" cried he. couragement:

Cluny, with his imperturbable sweet temper, betrayed no resentment.

"My dear Favereau," he said, pleading once more, "be reasonable. Here, let us sit on this bench. The smell of the honeysuckle is entrancing-and look at that sunset! What a good hour this is-the very hour for friends. Light up again and don't look so gloomy. I am not such a bad fellow after all. (Well, if you will not smoke, I will.) I ask you again: have I not made her happy? And is that not the chief thing, after all? You must admit-you are a man of the world-that there is not a man existing that is, through and through, worthy of her. There is not a man, as man is made, man with human weaknesses, human passions, who could keep himself, year in year out, upon her level, without once betraying the clay, without bringing disillusion upon her."

Favereau gave his dry, commenting cough.

"As well," pursued Cluny, waving his unlit cigarette (he was not in earnest about Favereau turned with slow, unwilling his smoking, after all)-- "as well expect a

human being, however wedded to holiness, to spend his whole existence in a church. be a dusty, sinful world. I have felt that I must out into the world, devout worshiper as I am. I have to leave the sanctuary now and again to keep the shadow of my mere humanity from falling upon our perfect union—the union of my better self and her."

This time the listener gave a short laugh, flung himself back on the bench, and crossed his legs. Leaning his head against the back, he gazed upward into the deepening blue, and breathed, sighing:

"Words, words, words!"

"Well, after all," then cried the other, with the first heat he had shown, "what is it you reproach me with? What is it? Where is it I have failed? What crimes do you think I commit when I leave her? Mon Dieu! of what importance are the relaxations of the man of the world, the man of honor be it understood, that you should think them, to-day, worth all this frowning? These things have no existence, my friend. Or rather, they cease to exist the moment they are past. Words written in water, pictures on the sands. Come, Favereau, are we not Parisians? If I have taken a cup of tea in the boudoir of celleci, or cracked a bottle of champagne at the supper of celui-là; if I have gone to Longchamps on the drag of my good friend tel-et-tel, who likes Athenian company, or if I have lost a few nights' sleep and a few rouleaux of gold round the Mirliton's green tables, what does it all amount to, in fine? Pleasures without a morrow, without a memory. The glass of wine a man drinks in good company, the jest forgotten in the laughter, the merest nibble at the forbidden fruit, the fruit that grows in that secret orchard which every man (I mean every man of the world, of our world) has at the back of the open garden of his life-why, Favereau, the very savor of that wild apple, tart and inferior as it is, is sometimes needed to bring a man to a right valuing of better things.'

"Knowledge of good and evil, in fact," "But said Favereau, gravely jeering. your idea, my dear Edward, is hardly novel. The experiment, we are told, was

made long ago."

"And am I not a son of Adam?" said Cluny, petulantly. "My God! And you A man must out into the world, even if it too? Ah, come, don't tell me you have never slipped into the secret orchard, and that you have never known the taste, sweet and acrid, of the forbidden fruit! You have not been immaculate yourself!"

Favereau straightened himself and fixed a glance of the saddest severity upon Cluny; the ghosts of the errors of his

youth rose up before him.

"I have not," he said. But the next moment, under the impulse of a surging thought, his eye flashed, his face became suffused, the veins on his temples swelled:

"I have not," he repeated, "but I have

not been married to Helen!'

There was a moment's silence. Surprise, succeeded swiftly by an ingenuous shame, showed itself on the Duke's face. Favereau, leaning his elbows on his knees, dropped his crimsoning forehead into his hands. For fifty-six years this man's blood had coursed and fretted and toiled at the service of a mind and heart that had no pity on self; but it was young enough still-that is, strong enough and weak enough-to work its own torture.

"Secret orchard!" he repeated-"great

God!

'And was it for this I renounced thee, O my beloved!"

VIII.

When the Duke next spoke, it was in an altered manner.

"You are right," said he, "a thousand times right; and I am wrong. I will give this folly up, as there is nothing in the world I would not give up to save Helen one tear. Oh, believe me, these are not words this time-or rather it is one word, my word of honor. You do believe me?" He stretched out his hand for his friend's clasp. "Have you ever known me break my word of honor, Favereau? I'll never leave her again. I'll try, I'll try to be really what she thinks me."

His whole soul thrilled in his voice. Then, as Favereau made no answering motion, the outstretched hand trembled a second and dropped. After a deliberate pause, the other spoke:

"It must have required something more than-what was your pretty phrase?-the forgotten in the laughter, to bring you to ness! Come, who is that yellow-haired this."

There fell a curious silence upon the Leaning forward, both eye and tone as keen, as searching and as merciless as the surgeon's lancet, Favereau went on: "In what category in his scheme of those harmless-what am I saying?-of those rather meritorious, 'pleasures without a morrow,' does the Duke of Cluny place the young lady with the flaxen hair?'

"My God!" said Cluny. The bench shook under his violent start. Favereau had stopped short; the first cut of his knife had laid bare the hidden sore.

"My God!" said the Duke again, and every drop of blood ebbed from his face. "How did you know?"

"Everything is always known," returned Favereau, with his sad, cold glance.

"My God!" repeated Cluny once more, this time almost in a whisper. "Who told you? Do others know?'

"It was spoken of, my dear fellow, at the club. It may yet be talked about in the drawing-room. Sit down, Edward. Why this agitation? You have so successfully (I will again borrow your picturesque form of expression) cracked a bottle of champagne with this one, drunk an intimate cup of tea with that other one, that I do not think your reputation is likely to suffer so very much." Then, changing his tone of icy bantering to one of fierce resentment: "But Helen, Edward, Helen? Listen-I had to stop Madame Rodriguez' mouth just now. Oh! all out of her love for Helen, she wanted to advise her how to keep a husband at home. Great heavens! You are not an absolute fool. To have such happiness-such happiness, my God!" -his voice failed him for an instant -"and to jeopard it, for what? for the sweet acrid savor of your secret orchard fruit. Faugh!'

Cluny opened his pale lips to speak, but could find no word.

"The devil, man!" broke out the Minister, with a fresh gust of anger. "Do you think that you, Duke of Cluny, can walk the sands of Narbonne with a discreet conquest, and pass for an unknown bourgeois by the simple expedient of anonym- reaching Helen's ears. And after all, that ity? I have warned you before. It was is all I care for. It is, and will remain,

glass of wine in merry company, the jest bad enough, in society. But this busigirl? Where is she now?"

"I don't know," exclaimed Cluny, with a goaded cry. "I don't know. I don't want to know. I'll never see her again. I only wish I never had. Oh, it was the most devilish pitfall!"

He sprang to his feet, took a few restless paces, returned and flung himself down again beside the still figure of his friend.

"Pshaw!" said he, with a laugh that rang rather tremulously, "I declare you terrified me! My good Favereau, I might have remembered your talent for taking everything connected with matrimonial obligations in the tragic mood. stopping with a quick gesture the anticipated crushing retort, "I don't want to defend myself any more. You are right -more right, perhaps, than you have any idea of. Favereau, a fortnight ago, had you preached me your sermon I could have laughed, and would have laughed, in your face, because, believe me or not, for all my folly my conscience was then clear. Now-well, now I have had a lesson. Great heavens, and what a lesson! Oh! I can never tell you, for I can never explain to myself, how this thing came to pass."

"Facilis descensus," muttered Favereau between his teeth.

"But it is done with, thank God, it is done with!" cried Cluny, moving restlessly. "I have not one moment's uneasiness on that score. Helen can never know. She'll not credit idle gossip."

"My dear Edward," said Favereau, and there was not the least accession of warmth in his accents, "when I began this conversation to-day, it was in no very comfortable frame of mind. But my forebodings were nothing to the anxiety with which your present attitude fills me. It must have been a serious tripping to have produced this fervor of penitence. I have heard it said," he went on, cynically, "that penitence is merely a higher-sounding name for fear of consequences."

Cluny laughed nervously.

"Not with me," said he. "There is not a chance, not the smallest probability, of any consequences; I mean of its ever a matter without a morrow-except as regards the warning to myself. You shall

judge. Let me tell you."

The elder man raised a deprecating hand. "I should like to tell you," insisted Cluny, in his boyish way. "The confession will set a seal upon the compact I have just made." And then he added, with naïf egoism, "it would be a great relief to me that you should know."

Favereau made a reluctant gesture of assent. Propping his elbow on his knee again and his chin on his hand, shading his face but turning an attentive ear, he

prepared to listen.

Something in the weary resignation of the attitude struck his companion with humorous recollection; he gave a quick,

vouthful laugh.

Within the house, passing an open window upstairs, Helen caught the sound and paused a second, with smiling lips, and warmth at her heart. To hear Cluny laugh was, for her, the sweetest music on earth. "Evidently you have missed your vocation," the Duke cried. "What a famous father confessor you would have made! Oh, that attitude, even to the sigh of preparing patience! Our good canon himself could not have done it better."

But M. Favereau did not deign an answer; the melancholy eve looked the despairing summing-up of a few minutes before: "Incorrigible!"

With recovered earnestness the Duke

started on his story:

"On my way to D'Entragues' yacht ten days ago-Helen knew I was going-at a cross-station, just as the train was moving off there was thrust, panting, upon my solitude, almost thrown in by a fussy guard, another traveler—a girl. She looked so fresh, so simple, so young, that I assure you my first impulse was absolutely paternal. I helped her to settle her humble belongings, that were scattered all over the place; I closed the window I scanned the modest face with its downcast eyes, that I had never seen a prettier type of innocent girlhood. She had light curls, tied back with a ribbon. She had that wonderfully milk-white skin that goes with such pale hair, and lips like a folded you kept your story to yourself." flower."

He paused for comment; there was none. Whereupon he proceeded:

"She prattled me, between bashful thanks, a little tale: how she was going on a holiday visit; how she had missed her train, her chaperon-what do I know! She was too shy, it seemed, to venture a glance at me the while. What could I do, but, at our common station, help her with her luggage, see her into a fly? Just as we were about to part (there was not, I swear it, there could not have been, a shade of ulterior thought in my mind), as I stood lifting my hat-'Adieu, mademoiselle'the most fatherly, the most innocent of men-just as she was driving off, I say, she suddenly leaned forward, and for the first time raising those modest, drooping lids, looked at me full in the face. in her eyes I saw—I saw the devil!"

Here came a moment's ominous silence. The father confessor made an uneasy movement. But he merely said, his face still

shaded: "Edward, I had rather you kept your

story to yourself." "Well," pursued the other, unheeding, "I should have been less than human if the extraordinary contrast between the childlike innocence of the girl's whole appearance and the diabolical meaning and knowledge in her eyes-those windows, we are told, of the soul-had not piqued my interest curiously. Which lied? The childlike modesty, or the brazen challenge?

"I swear I did not seek her out. devil was in it all. D'Entragues had to hang about the harbor. Day after day, not a breath of wind; we were frequently in the town. Favereau, I met that wanton child again and again. Now she would be with friends, quiet, respectable, dowdy people they seemed. Now she would be alone, innocently gazing into the waters from the pier; or I might come across her stitching - oh, so industriously - some little bit of embroidery in a retired corner for her, threw away my cigar, thinking, as of the public gardens. And always she contrived to throw me one of those devil's looks. At last, one evening-

"Edward," interrupted his friend, straightening himself and speaking this time with marked decision, "I had rather

"Ah!" cried the other, wounded,

"when I was a boy, you never refused to listen to my troubles."

Favereau looked round at him with a troubled glance and a heavy sigh, and muttered, "You have your innocent boy's eyes still." Composing himself once more to resignation: "Well, go on," he said.

"We spoke," said the Duke, in the disjointed phraseology of a difficult confession. "The enigma had haunted me too long. I-I felt I must solve it. I was now devoured with curiosity, unholy if you will, to know which lied-the mouth, or the eyes. We spoke, then. Oh, that hateful pier, in the dusk, with the lapping of the water and the sickly smell of the green sea-slime! And the face of the little temptress, as pure as a white flower against the yellow sky, and oh, those eyes, those eyes! I tell you, man, they had something hellish in their power. I believed the eyes and not the mouth. It amounts to this, before heaven: I was not the seducer -- And yet, when too late-Oh, old friend," he went on, "do not be too hard on me!"

"Too hard on him!" The same words that, but an hour before, Helen had used when sweetly pleading forgiveness for an overgood deed. Favereau could have

groaned aloud.

"As you blame me," urged Cluny, "consider the ethics of our world. You yourself have laughed, in your day, at the virtuous young man. Have we not all been taught, with our first cigarette, that a man may be anything, in his relations with women, rather than a Joseph? Why, you yourself, I'll stake my life, would secretly prefer to be dubbed Don Juan!"

"Surely," said Favereau, with a withering smile, "never was there one more ingenious in finding good reasons for evil deeds. I will not remind you of the obvious proverb, Edward. All this, however, is very unprofitable discussion, and I cannot see what satisfaction your confession, as you call it, can bring either to vourself or to me. You proceeded, on those shores of Narbonne, to solve the enigma, I presume? It is to be hoped that now, at least, the haunting of the-problem, is laid, and well laid."

"On the contrary," said he, "I am more haunted than ever. Ah, no," in a sharp tone of pain, reading the expression of his friend's face, "not in that sense! Buthow shall I tell you? It comes upon me as it did then, like a nightmare, too horrible to be real. Perhaps her story was true; perhaps she was the innocent schoolgirl after all."

"The devil!" cried Favereau, springing

to his feet.

"The devil incarnate in a girl's soft frame. We were but a day at that cursed place. Oh, she arranged it all! How could a man have thought-have dreamed? Yet all at once she said something-the awful doubt entered my soul. I was frightened. I had but one thought: to extricate myself. Yes, believe me or not, man of the world as I am, I was the entrapped one."

"The woman tempted me," said Favereau, with curling lip. "Oh, true son of Adam! Bad enough to blame the woman,

but what of blaming the child?"

"You are severe," cried Cluny, who flushed and grew pale.

"Severe!" echoed Favereau. not your gift of language, Edward. Throughout your tale there is but one word that rises to my lips."

"Helen! Yes." The cry came from Cluny's very heart. "I assure you, Faver-

eau, I nearly went mad."

"Very likely," said Favereau, icily. "Meanwhile, what did you do?"

"Do?" said the other, with a sound between a laugh and a sob. "Do? I fled. I invented an excuse for D'Entragues, and I fled that very day. Where that strange creature had been brought up, what companions she had had, what books she had been fed on, what evil strain ran in her blood, I can only surmise. At times-a word, a look, and she opened a vista of unconscious depravity, before which I stood appalled, appalled! The next moment"'-he looked with a set face at Favereau-"she thought I was going to marry her, Favereau. She did indeed. Don't look at me like that! 'Tis me you should pity. I tell you, with such as she, her fate was inevitable -- I explained to Cluny arrested his friend as he was about her that there were insuperable obstacles to our union. I have not seen her since.

I sent her a necklace of pearls. Oh," he pursued, as if wildly endeavoring to convince a loudly rebelling conscience, "there was not one gem on that string but would suffice to dry all her tears."

Favereau folded his arms.

"And do you flatter yourself," he asked, very quietly, after a pause, "that she cannot run you down?"

"Impossible," cried the Duke, eagerly.
"She has not the remotest idea who I am.
She knows me only as M. Le Chevalier."

Under Favereau's steady look, Cluny became troubled, hesitated, stammered.

"It is a name I—a name—oh, hang it all! a name the inferior self sometimes assumes."

The Minister got up with great deliberation, buttoned his coat, shook down the folds of his trousers below the knee, brushed his sleeve and, taking up his hat from the bench-corner upon which he had hung it, placed it at a very exact angle on his close-cropped head. Then he began to walk toward the house.

"Where are you going?" asked his friend, in a humble voice.

"Anywhere," replied Favereau, without turning his head, "away from you."

Like a chidden child, Cluny stood and stared with dejected expression after the retreating figure. At the foot of the steps, however, the elder man hesitated; then, after a second's reflection, wheeled quickly and came back. Placing both hands on Cluny's shoulders, he gazed at him, a whole world of angry affection in his ever

whole world of angry affection in his eyes. "It is of no use," said he. "However my judgment condemns you, Edward, my heart cannot cast you off. Alas! it was right," he went on passionately, "that the world should have shaken the yoke of you Stuarts from her neck. It is good that you, almost the last of them, are childless. It is right that you should die away, as you are doing, all of you, root and branch. Your race is a scourge upon humanity; people will love you with the love that passes the ordinary love of mankind; and so long as there is a sprig of you left, you will go on betraying that love. Faithless to your wives, to your mistresses, to your friends, to your own better selves, and yet, forgiven, beloved, beloved in spite of all and through all!"

He paused again and contemplated with conflicting emotions the downcast face before him; then, with an abrupt change of tone: "This is your last escapade?" he demanded. "You give me your word?"

The Duke raised his eyes full of sad pride.

"I don't give it twice," he answered.
"Well, amen then," cried Favereau.
"Amen to the good resolve. And let the past be buried!"

He clasped the other by the hand. The sun, through an arch of the distant aqueduct, dipped behind the sky-line. The sudden, mysterious twilight breeze awoke and shook the trees. A storm-cloud had gathered upon the radiant west. A chill, a trouble, a dimness, seemed to fall upon the gilded world and upon Favereau's boding heart.

IX.

"Well," said Nessie, "you are a nice pair! Aren't you downright ashamed of yourself, Duke, to leave poor Helen to bear the first charge of the invasion all alone? Oh, my! that grand old aunt of yours is in a rich temper to-day, I can tell you. And it all fell on Helen, of course. And you, with that devoted friendship of yours, Mister Minister, why weren't you at least around to attract a little of the electricity in another direction?"

Nessie, with the most becoming lace scarf twisted about her little dark head, flashed a smile and a mischievous dancing look from one man to the other.

The savage and the man of breeding, the highest and the lowest in the scale of humanity, have this at least in common: the art of disguising their emotions. It is only the class between, the great middle class, that feels no shame in the outward demonstration either of joy or sorrow. Not even Nessie's sharp eyes, not all her keen perception, could discover a trace of the storm that had just shaken these courteous, easy-mannered gentlemen.

"Poor dear Madame de Lormes," she proceeded. "I feel sorry for her this evening, for it must be admitted that fate is pretty hard on her. Why, that woman has been laboring these thirty years to turn herself into a perfect French Marquise of the old genuine stock, and didn't she just

succeed in making herself more Faubourg-Saint-Germainy than the Faubourg itself? And didn't she produce as perfect a specimen of your modern Parisian monkey-on-astick as any other old cat of the region could do?'

"I admire," said the Duke, lightly, "the correctness of your natural history illustrations."

"Well, I guess you take my meaning all the same. It's true to life, anyhow. Say now, isn't it hard on her, poor soul, after all these years, that the past should rise up against her in the shape of a sturdy American son-a kind of living testimony of the two errors of her youth: I mean of having been born under the Stars and Stripes and of having wedded in her salad days the late forgotten Septimus P. Dodd, of Philadelphia? And to hear yourself called 'mother' and 'old lady' in good fresh Yank! He is a very fine man," said Nessie, after a slight pause, with her head on one side. She gave a trifling sigh.

"What, have they arrived?" cried the remiss host.

"Oh, they'll be out here in a minute!" said the lady, arresting him with her vi-"I dare say they'll vacious little hand. forgive you for not being there to embrace them. I received them," she said, coquettishly. "Helen was taking the old lady to her room and doing something to trim up that ridiculous orphan. Oh, my dear Duke, what an absurdity! What are you going to do with that funny child? Why, she could neither open her mouth nor her eyes. And as for her hat! Well, I was just taking a turn toward the rose-garden (I always say the birds and the sunset here go way ahead of the garden of Eden) when I saw in the path below a Trilby hat and as fine a pair of shoulders as ever walked out of Harvard playground: 'That's my hero,' thought I to myself, and beside him there were a pair of cuffs and an eve-glass and a jockey club tie, and something just holding them together. 'That can only be the noble Marquis de Lormes,' I knew. So I waited for them, of course, and we had quite a nice little conversation. Our Marquis did the introduction, Mirliton style: 'Tiens, Ma'ame Rodriguez! How are you? V'là l'Américain. My little the Marquis, cheerfully (in an elegant brother! A famous type, eh? Oh, yes,

we preferred "to walker." When the train "stoppa," my faith, I said I'd foot it rather than sit opposite maman in the family berlingot.' And 'the little brother' looking at him the while as a big Newfoundland looks at a yapping terrier, not certain if he'll wag his tail at him, or crush him with his great paw. Well, I tell you that American cousin is a man! He's got the breath of the sea about him. And it did me good to feel the grip of a hearty American hand again. Ah, here they come!"

There was the murmur of voices: a deep complaining contralto, an indeterminate falsetto, and a few notes from a fine un-

modulated bass.

Large, heated, injured, supported on either side by a son, the Marquise de Lormes made her appearance at the top of the terrace steps.

Under the formally waved bandeaux of sleek iron-gray hair, her face retained, in spite of age, the traces of a high-nosed, severe, majestic beauty. Her figure, arrayed in vestment-like garb, was less well preserved; but its proportions were so magnificent and carried such dignity that, in the average mind, criticism was sunk in

She rarely spoke but on the breath of a sigh. Her French was peculiarly deliberate, ultra-classical and richly Parisian in its rippling of r's and breadth of a's.

On the right the Marquis duteously supported her massive hand upon his little twig of an arm. On the left, in almost ludicrous contrast, rose the broad shoulders and bronzed head of the American.

"I shall feel better in the open air," complained the contralto.

"Famous oven-weather to-night," proclaimed the falsetto.

"Tropical quite," commented the bass, with a good-humored note of mockery.

"My dear aunt," cried Cluny, advancing with his perfect grace of courtesy and stooping to kiss the fat dimpled hand extended to him.

"Ah! my poor Charles-Edward, how do you do?" she sighed, and, swaying forward, deposited a regal salute upon his

"Tip us your flapper, old horse," said French equivalent).

Now the Marquise closed her eyes, indicated with a faint gesture the figure behind her, and after compression of the lips and slight convulsion of the throat, observed:

"Your cousin from America-my son,

Mr. - Dodd. '

"Sir," said the naval officer, in answer to his host's cordial words of welcome, "I am glad to make your acquaintance." And the Duke forthwith had an experience of the genuine American grip, and was not unconscious of what Nessie had aptly described as the fresh sea atmosphere.

"Take me to a chair," moaned the dowager. "My knees are trembling." She tottered a few steps on Cluny's arm, shuddering as behind her, breezy accents, that recalled deliberately-forgotten associations, reckoned that "the old lady was sort of bowled over by the thunder in the air."

As the group advanced toward the modestly retiring Favereau and the smiling Madame Rodriguez, the fainting Marquise recovered sufficient life to make a play of eye-glass which as witheringly ignored Nessie as it marked her companion.

"Do I see Monsieur—a—Favereau?" she remarked.

The Minister of Public Worship and

Education bowed profoundly.

"Sir!" said the lady. The strictly measured inclination of her head, the reproving rustle of the silk skirt, might

have petrified a less stout heart.

"My dear Charles-Edward," she then breathed gustily into her nephew's attentive ear, "I do not blame you for fidelity in friendship, but I cannot but regard these minions of the Republic as sadly out of place in the house of a Fitz-Roy." She closed her eyes upon the abhorrent spectacle and, relapsing into weakness, again requested the charity of a chair.

Dodd thrust forward a seat; the Duke gently directed the weight of the Marquise into the same; Favereau provided a footstool; and the Marquis stuck two lean fingers between his mother's elbow and the arm of the chair, to prevent the shock of contact.

"Another day of such emotions will kill me. Oh, Charles-Edward," went on Madame de Lormes, with rising pathos, "you do not know what it means to be a mother!"

"True indeed, my dear aunt," admitted Cluny, respectfully.

"Never mind la maman," whispered the Marquis, good-humoredly, digging a sharp reassuring elbow into his stepbrother's ribs. "You're rather big, you see, to come on one all of a sudden, but she'll resign herself. Maman is very pious. She knows how to resign herself."

He edged round to Nessie as he spoke. "Terribly pious, la maman," he reassever-

ated; "eh, Ma'ame Rodriguez?"

Then, lowering his voice still more, with a killing ogle, happily secure behind his mother's back—"Famous chance to find you here!" he chuckled.

"Anatole!" cried his mother.

"Yes, my mother."

"Stand behind my chair."

The French son trotted obediently to heel. The American son opened large, amazed, blue eyes, and misgiving crept into his independent soul.

Nessie noted the expression of his face, and mischievously whispered in his ear:

"My! yes, you'll find them a queer lot over here. But there—these French, they may be shaky on the seventh Commandment, but they're solid on the fifth."

Meanwhile Madame de Lormes had started upon a new grievance with fresh gusto.

"Explain to me," she demanded of the Duke, "how you came to allow Helen to start this foolish business about the orphan. When she asked me to chaperon the young person from Paris—of course I could refuse nothing to your house—I must confess that I was surprised at the communication, more especially as, considering the circumstances in which I find myself at present, it seemed strange that Helen should have thought of adding to my burdens."

"I am sure," said Cluny, duly apologetic, "Helen had no idea that you were in any trouble. Indeed, I hear of it for the first time myself. I am concerned."

Madame de Lormes raised her prominent eyes to stare with unaffected astonishment at her nephew.

"Surely," she exclaimed, hoisting herself from her reclining position, "she was aware of George's unexpected arrival. Helen, as a woman, might have understood. But," collapsing again, morally and physically, into resignation, "it is only a mother that can understand the feelings of a mother."

to look upon the arrival of her trans-oceanic son as an unmixed calamity, the mere male might well have been excused for failing to comprehend the mysteries of the ma-Cluny, straightening himternal heart. self, exchanged a glance of amusement with Favereau.

"It is not possible," the contralto resumed, with its deepest note of protest, "that my niece can be in earnest in her insane project of adopting that objection-

able schoolgirl."

"Hush," here cried George Dodd, with some peremptoriness, for, through the open doorway, his quick eye had caught in the gloom of the hall a gleam of white approaching skirts.

"Ah, Helen at last!" cried Cluny, joyously, the oppression which the talk with Favereau had left upon his mind being lifted at the approach of his wife.

All eyes were now turned upon the new-No one noticed as the pair adcomers. vanced into distinctness out of shades of dusk, intangible still yet all-enveloping, that the Duke, with suddenly livid countenance, struck into rigidity, stood staring at the slight girlish figure that demurely moved by his wife's side. So might a man in delirium stare upon some horrible crea-

tion of his own brain.

Helen's sweet face beamed as she looked down at the small bare head at her shoulder, a head modestly bent, on which a wealth of pale flaxen curls was tied back with a black ribbon. It seemed as if the girl faltered shyly now and again; and Helen's voice of encouragement reached the silent, expectant group. Favereau, peering through his glasses, with anticipatory disapproval, at the schoolgirl, was startled out of his placid mood of criticism by a frenzied clutch on his wrist and a whispering voice in his ear. The clutch was that of a man's hand, ice-cold, and wet; the voice was hoarse and unrecognizable.

"Stand before me, stand before me!" it urged. "Don't let Helen see me. I-I feel as if I were going mad."

Favereau turned round, and started as he saw Cluny's face.

"Edward!" he ejaculated.

Seeing that Madame de Lormes seemed Stand before me, I say-there, like thatscreen me as I go down the steps!"

> Without further question Favereau allowed himself to be dragged a few paces back toward the edge of the terrace, shielding Cluny's escape into the garden.

> Helen had now come close. Still keeping a motherly hand upon her companion's shoulder, she looked round. "But where is Cluny?" she asked, surprised. to introduce this child to him."

There was a movement of inquiry.

"Why, he was here!" said Nessie. "Fårceur de Cluny!" squeaked the little Marquis. "Hates schoolgirls as much as I do." (This under his breath.)

"I am afraid," said Favereau, hiding an uneasy bewilderment under an assumption of his usual geniality, "that Edward's affection for his cigarette, and" (with an inclination toward the dowager) "madame's well-known dislike to smoke, are responsible for this defection."

Helen looked puzzled and disappointed. But in a second she brightened again.

"Ah, well," she said, gaily, "we must wait! Meanwhile you are a sort of grandpapa, my old friend," she pushed the girl forward as she spoke; "this is Gioja," she cried triumphantly, "my Gioja!" (Madame de Lormes groaned.) this is Grandpapa Favereau.'

The girl made a slight courtesy. Favereau bowed and peered benevolently enough at the pretty face that looked wonderfully

small and pale in the twilight.

"Helen might have done worse," was his first thought-"quite ladylike, quite nice, quite inoffensive! Well, it is not so bad."

His kind face was wrinkled into a smile. He bent again to speak. As he did so, the girl looked up. Her eyes met his, full. Favereau raised himself with a jerk.

"The devil!"

A cold sweat broke out upon him; he thought he must have called the words aloud, have shrieked them. He felt as if the solid earth had given way, as if with a crash the world had become disintegrated, and all was chaos and falling ruin!

He reeled and came to himself. world was where it had stood. château reared itself against the sky; there "Hush," cried the other, in his awful was an indifferent murmur of voices around whisper. "Not a word, for God's sake! him and Helen was laughing. Laughing!

(To be continued.)

may be said in favor of public ownership and public management, that by this means the regulation required by the general public arises out of the nature of public property. When private persons manage private property, the natural thing for them to do is to manage it in the interests of private individuals. When public property is managed by public authorities, the natural thing is to manage it in the interests of the general public, because the ownership is, by the very hypothesis, The easy vested in the general public. and natural thing to do is to manage property in the interest of its owner. It is, as a rule, right and proper to manage private property in the interest of private persons, and not infrequently it is gross abuse of a trust to manage it otherwise. It is, on the other hand, a perversion of public property to manage it in the interests of private persons. As in the case of private ownership of natural monopolies it requires a pressure diverting property from that management springing up out of the nature of property, to secure the public ends, so it is only through an open and acknowledged abuse of a public trust that public property can be otherwise managed than to promote the general welfare.

It is a decided advantage of public ownership coupled with public management, that it makes clear the issues before us with respect to natural monopolies. Exactly what the situation is, may readily be discovered. The source of evils which exist

can be ascertained, and steps taken to introduce appropriate remedies. there may be resistance, and frequently there is resistance, on the part of private interests to a wise management of public property and public businesses. This resistance has various sources. Partisan politics will occur to every one as one source. The low and degraded view of public office as a reward of party service and not as a public trust, is one of the great evils against which the American people have been contending for a generation. On the whole this contest has been successful, although there still remains much to be done to bring about popular enlightenment concerning the true nature of public office and to cultivate a finer sense of right and wrong with respect to it. A more dangerous, because frequently a more powerful and always a more insidious, source of resistance to right management of public undertakings, is found in the selfish interests of private corporations and powerful private combinations of one sort and another. It was the political machine of Philadelphia acting in harmony with a private corporation, which turned over the public gas-works to a private corporation. At the time this article is being written, this same political machine is opposing the improvement of the public water-works, and is favoring a plan to lease them to a private corporation. The people of Philadelphia have already approved a loan the design of which is to improve the public water-works, but the political machine, in the service of private interests, resists needed improvements. There

is strong reason to suspect that private a source of surprise that in many of our parties in their own private interests sometimes do what they can to make public enterprises a failure, and there is also a very wide-spread effort to represent public activities of every kind as much worse than they really are, coupled with a reluctance to acknowledge merit on the part of those engaged in the public service. In consequence of this, it becomes necessary to go behind the politician, often a mere tool, to find the real power behind him, and this real power may belong to the very respectable elements of the community.

There must inevitably be a struggle to establish the policy of public ownership of natural monopolies, but when this policy is once thoroughly established, when it comes to be so thoroughly approved and so firmly rooted in our life that an effort to upset it is manifestly hopeless, it must enlist in the cause of good government the intelligent and well-to-do element in the community. There will then be established a harmony of interests which is now so

sadly wanting.

It is often said, it is said every day by press and pulpit, that the better class of the community is apathetic. But why is this the case? What is the deeper, underlying cause? When the better class of the community feels itself and its interests seriously threatened, it is by no means apathetic. Take the better class of New York and Boston in its attitude upon the question of silver monometallism. This better class has a very clear idea concerning its own interests with respect to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and will any one claim that with respect to this question it is apathetic? But what is the interest of this better class with respect to excellence in municipal government? Would not their franchises suffer, would not the terms under which they are able to serve the public with their property, be changed for the worse for them, by municipal reform? Probably in every great city in which the policy of private ownership of municipal monopolies obtains, the number of persons financially interested in this private ownership exceeds by far the number of officeholders. Can the apathy and indifference they show be a source of surprise? Must it not, on the other hand, be made of those enterprises based upon very

cities there is so much effort as we actually see on the part of the well-to-do to establish good municipal government, even when this involves a considerable amount of self-sacrifice?

We indulge in no attacks on individuals or classes. We are attempting to show what course of action men's interests lead them to take, and we ask this question: Can we base a public policy upon the hypothesis that a large and powerful class in the community will act in a manner con-

trary to its own interests?

In all the cities of the world where there is a thoroughly established policy of public ownership and management, the well-to-do find that their interests are bound up with those of good government. It is a great thing so to clarify the situation that we can find out exactly what are the obstacles in the way of improvement.

Closely connected with what has gone before, it must be observed that while malignant forces tending to degradation will still exist under public ownership, some of the more powerful forces of corruption will disappear. The purity of public life will then simply depend upon the general level of intelligence and morality, and if that is as high in New York as in Berlin, there is no reason why in the course of time New York should not, equally with Berlin, secure a model government.

Another advantage resulting from public ownership of natural monopolies, coupled with excellence in their management, would be the fair and impartial conditions under which private business would hereafter be conducted. We have now a class of dependent monopolies, monopolies which are not such in their own nature but such because they receive favors from monopolistic enterprises. It is at least questionable whether in agriculture, manufacture or commerce any monopoly could be built up without public or private favors. If an agricultural, manufacturing or commercial business is not aided by positive legislation, and is not assisted by special railway rates or favors of any sort coming from any other monopolistic undertaking, the writer is not prepared to admit that it can become a monopoly. An exception, of course, is

limited supplies of natural treasures, such as anthracite coal.

Enlarging the field of public industry would give a career in the service of the public to talent; it would tend to establish a balance between the advantages of public and private life, and could not fail in an intelligent and, on the whole, upright com-

It is gratifying to see that to an ever-

increasing extent these truths, not after all

munity to ennoble public life.

difficult of comprehension when serious attention is given to them, are coming to be accepted. While this article is being written, a campaign is in progress in one city in which the candidate of the Republican party has given as clear expression to these truths as one could desire. As reported by a prominent newspaper, he states his views in part in these words: "If elected, I expect to continue in my attempts to carry out the principles of my platform of two years ago, reiterated in the platform of this year, for the public ownership and control of public utilities such as water, gas and electric-light plants, street-railways and telephones. . I should like to see a civil service law enacted to go hand in hand with these reforms, but I do not believe that we should wait for such a measure. I am firmly of the opinion that the public ownership of such franchises will of itself bring about

civil service reform. Municipal ownership will do more than any other one thing to improve city government in America. In my opinion much of the poor and bad government in city affairs is due to the influence of franchise-holding corporations. is to their interest to have poor government, to secure the election and appointment of officials whom they can control to their selfish ends. We have seen examples of this in our own city, where local corporations exerted their influence against salutary measures looking toward civil service and other similar reforms."

On the other hand, the platform adopted by the Democratic party in another city in the campaign which is at the same time in progress, shows that the recognition of these principles which the writer is endeavoring to establish in this article is not confined to any one party. The following is one of the planks in this platform:

"We believe the prevailing corruption and bribery in all large cities to be caused by the fact that public utilities are controlled by private corporations. The dependent relation of corporations upon the good will of aldermen, coupled with the frailty of human nature, makes it impossible to secure official honesty. there are disadvantages attendant upon municipal control and ownership of public utilities, they are insignificant compared to the wholesale corruption and bribery incident to control by private corporations."

The methods to achieve the desired transformation in our public life are many. Every improvement in the civil service is helpful. The diffusion of knowledge begetting clear-cut ideas concerning the nature of public corruption, as well as sound ideas concerning social progress, is the chief force producing a movement in the right direction, and the number of educational agencies at work in the enlightenment of public opinion is as gratifying as it is surprising to one who has not considered the subject. The popular educational agencies which have come into operation in the United States during the present generation, are something without a parallel in the world's history. have our great Chautauqua movement and other similar movements almost innumerable. We have our University Extension movement, together with the unparalleled activities of our universities in all branches of learning which pertain to public life. Our state universities, a part of the governmental machinery of our states, are undergoing an expansion and an improvement which would have been deemed incredible even ten years ago. Once more, we have a serious proposal to establish a national university at Washington, and if this is ever established it will no doubt become a civic academy, doing for the civil service something like the work which West Point and Annapolis do respectively for the army and the naval service.

While the influence of the press is often devoted to private interests, it is gratifying to see the stand which not infrequently influential newspapers take in behalf of the public, even against powerful private interests. At the same time, the public conbe slow, the situation is on the whole a social amelioration.

science is being educated by the pulpit. hopeful one. We must not expect great Most gratifying is the public spirit of many changes this year or next year, but we may men of large wealth who are active in the feel pleased if there is a steady movement promotion of good government, while or- in the right direction. Nor must we be ganizations of business men, for example fanatical adherents of any one particular the merchants of New York, are frequently reform. Social improvements come in many taking a noble stand in defense of popular different ways and from every direction. rights. We may, then, in conclusion say Each one sees but a fractional part of the that while the obstacles to reform are many truth, and must be satisfied if he contriband progress must in the nature of things utes a little part to the grand work of

AFTERWARD.

BY DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

If I were to find you at last, Youth all past, And your soul spreading wings for its flight; If I were to call in the night, You would hear me and stay? You would wait? And a swift wind would bear us away To God's gate?

And then I would ask God a boon-Youth again; And a new life, perhaps in some moon, And something more perfect than wedlock To join our two souls, for I know That in heaven each soul has its mate, And I know it is quite satisfied, And not fain

For more love, as we mortals who wait, And who yearn till our eyes are on fire With the tears of our quenchless desire.

But is that not the plan of God's giving? Or is our desert far too small? I know not; but this we call living Is starving on love-crumbs that fall From the table where sit the great seraphs And feast. Is there plenty for all?

But the swine-souls who trample and waste (Filth-incased), Will God scourge them away? While we who are fed from His hand Shall be glad, and at last understand?

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK SEWARD

HAVE been looking over the advancesheets of a book by Mr. Carmen J. Randolph, entitled "The Law and Policy of Annexation." I have found his ideas interesting and, as I believe, instructive and sound. They suggest some comments, which I set down briefly, as follows:

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The right of the Spanish government to transfer sovereignty over the Philippines to the United States, and the right of the United States to accept and assert sovereignty, so far as international law is concerned, are held by Mr. Randolph to be undoubted.

The right of the United States under the Constitution to acquire sovereignty over the islands is also held to be undoubted, but Mr. Randolph states that the purpose in view in all annexations down to that of Alaska was to establish new states as rapidly as circumstances would permit, and urges that when we take territory which we do not intend to develop into statehood we "break with our national traditions."

It is not necessary to question our right under international law, and in view of our Constitution, to acquire new territory. We have done the thing over and over again. It would indeed be difficult to sustain a contention that any nation acting in its sovereign capacity cannot extend its boundaries in such manner. Whatever narrower theory of the Constitution may be heldand narrower theories have been held-it must go down before an irresistible tendency of the nation to fulfil its normal destiny.

The break from national traditions involved in the case of the Philippine Islands is a more serious matter. Alaska may become a state. The time may be distant, but measurably we have put the people of that region into training for statehood under the system of government established there. We can with difficulty conceive that Hawaii may become a state, for the Possibly the territory is too insignificant. islands will continue to be held under a quasi-republican system, modeled on our system for the government of territories. us a spirit likely to lead to a change of

Porto Rico may become a state. ritory and population are considerable. The danger from admitting a tropical district to statehood is manifest, but one such state we could tolerate, and there are reasons of geographical position affecting our military status which would induce us to strain a point to tolerate it. The first real break with tradition, then, is in the case of the Philippines.

The arguments against the abandonment of our traditional policy are well understood. It is sufficient to say here that our Constitution was framed for the federation of commonwealths which are self-governing under a republican system, and that if it be assumed that similar commonwealths cannot be developed in the Philippines we must change our Constitution or our familiar methods under the Constitution, to provide for government there. There is no half-way step. The Philippine communities must be self-governing as territories or as states, or they must be dependencies governed on the proconsular plan. The proconsular plan is foreign to our system, and may be tried but it cannot become an effective plan, not only because our Constitution has not made right provisions for such government of dependent territories, but because the American conscience instinctively revolts against it and will not long permit it.

Mr. Randolph proceeds to make an extended argument that the Philippines by cession have become an integral part of the United States, not territory foreign to it and controlled by it. I shall not deal with this proposition because the legal questions involved must be decided by the courts, and because the purpose of my writing is to hold up the proposition that this nation, whatever its sovereign rights may be, ought not to enter upon a policy foreign to its traditions, foreign to the spirit of its institutions and foreign to the spirit which animates the American people as individuals-a policy which would threaten to develop among

the scope and purpose of government in Constitutional question will recur with the home matters.

Mr. Randolph, after dwelling upon the unwillingness of the Administration and Congress to consider Porto Rico and the Philippines an integral part of the United States, subject to the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof for all the people, points out that "anxiety to rule the Philippines free from constitutional restrictions is even more marked among our people than the unwillingness to consider them as part of the United States." This is only a natural progression of thought. It does not matter to people ready to break with our traditions whether the Philippines are or are not a part of our territory if they may be governed as dependent parts, owned by us but subject to our will and not entitled to every privilege guaranteed to our people proper by the Constitution.

There is no lack of common sense among There is no American, prob-Americans. ably, who does not believe that the sentiment of the Filipinos is adverse to our control, and that such being the case, if given the opportunity under any ordinary extension of the right of suffrage, they will vote themselves out from under our con-Every one sees, then, that if we intend to hold the Philippine Islands we must fit the means to the end and refuse to the Filipinos any considerable autonomy. Neither are Americans free from anxiety as to the effect that three, four or five Filipino states would exert upon us at home when their Senators and Representatives were seated at Washington. What would be the character of these persons and what the political alliances? Our annexationists of the latter-day school are only hedging against themselves.

While unable for lack of space to follow ·Mr. Randolph's argument that the Constitution does by its own force go wherever there is territory owned by the United States and that it is the supreme law there whenever civil government begins, I commend it to the attention of persons who desire sound information. Congress may try to get away from the proposition, the Supreme Court itself may seem to point seems to me still that this plan might be the way to do so, but the Constitution will followed, and I should think it a better one remain, and as each question occurs the than that proposed by Mr. Randolph, for

certainty that, whatever may be held in any exigency, the tendency will always exist to come back to the simple conclusion that the Constitution is supreme and that what cannot be done under it in the old territory cannot with acceptance be done under it in any territory which we control.

For instance, the Thirteenth Amendment reads: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." Does any one believe that the courts will take any note of the difference between the "United States" and "any place subject to their jurisdiction" or would do so if these latter words were omitted? Slavery is forbidden by the Constitution; it is now abhorrent to the sentiment of all our people, and with or without the latter words the courts would instantly set free the slave brought before them. The American people will not have a double standard of principles long. They will give no geographical bounds to principles. It matters little in the long run whether the Constitution is the supreme law at once in newly acquired It will become so in good territory. season as one after another of its provisions is asserted by the Supreme Court in review of legislation by Congress, or the usurpation of legislative functions by the President. Our people understand this, and, not being willing as yet to surrender the control of the Filipinos, are simply trying to find a way to hold them.

Mr. Randolph presents a plan for the solution of the Philippine question. may be briefly summarized as an early recognition of the Filipino people as a nation and the extension to it of a protectorate. This, I take it, would involve a military occupation of the islands for some time, as in Cuba.

It was my own belief originally that all war in the Philippines might have been averted if we had acted on the plan of recognizing what might be considered de facto governments of the people near this or that port reserved for our own control, and of making treaties with them. It

homogeneous stock and that no government established in any part could exercise control over all parts of the islands. The Cubans may come together in convention and make a constitution for all their people, but not the Filipinos-at least, not

for a long period.

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It may be said again that the Filipinos cannot make a government for themselves. If not, then at least we have no responsibility. The right to try is theirs, and mayhap it is a right which essayed will bring satisfactory results sooner than any efforts of our own to bring about a kind of selfgovernment by alien and little understood methods.

We promised the world not to interfere with the aspirations of the Cubans. acted in just recognition of a broad principle. Can we not, with no promise made, rise to the height of the principle in the case of the Filipino? And can we not see that this would be an honest course and a course consistent with good policy?

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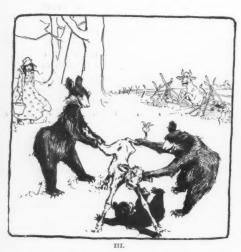
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"Nobody asked you, sirs," she said.

BY THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONISTS.



THRIVING BUSINESS.

Charon to Chamberlain: "Thanks, dear Joe. Your doings in the Transvaal have so increased my business that I have had to buy a steamer. Won't you step on board?"

From Kladderadatsch, of Berlin.



aid?" said.

id!"

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY VAINLY RESISTING BEING USHERED INTO SUCH COMPANY. From Borssem Janko, of Buda-Pesth.



BELLEROPHON AND THE CHIMERA.

Bobs Bellerophon (to Chimera of Army Obstruction and Incapacity): "The Boer war will be child's-play compared with this struggle with you."

From Judy, of London.



WILL MAKE THE SPARKS FLY.

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.



THE TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

"Dillery, dollery, din,
There's nothing like the tin.
Then we're in,
Then we're out,
Aud now we're in ag'in."
From The Cleveland Plain Dealer,



URGENT.

GENERAL LORD KITCHENER (to Mr. John Bull): "If you want this business quickly finished, you must give me more horses, and men to ride them."

From Punch, of London.

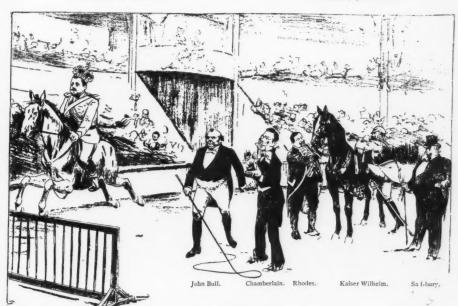


THE FRENCH SUBMARINE BOAT.

NEPTUNE: "Look out, my dear, you're mistress on the sea, but there's a neighbor of yours that's trying to be mistress under it."

BRITANNIA: "All right, Father Nep., I'm not asleep."

From Punch, of London.



THE IMPERIAL CIRCUS. King of Portugal.

CHAMBERLAIN (to King of Portugal): "Bravo, Carlos! Bravo!!" RHODES (to Kaiser Wilhelm): "Mount. It's your turn now."

From De Amsterdammer, of Amsterdam.



LITTLE JOHNNY HAY: "I cannot tell a lie-I did it with my little spade."

From Harper's Weekly, of New York.



THE NATIONAL SHELL GAME.—"FIND THE CONSTITUTION."

From The Philadelphia North American.



THE INDEMNITY RULE SHOULD WORK BOTH WAYS.

From The Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Swoboda System

of Physiological Exercise

RESTORES TO HEALTH STRENGTHENS THE HEART

I teach by mail with perfect success, my original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise, without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before

retiring. By this condensed system more exercise and benefit can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

Perfect Health means an absolute freedom from those ailments which a well informed mind knows are directly or indirectly due to a lack of properly arranged exercise.

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ALOIS P. SWOBODA. Originator and Sole Instructor.

Absolutely Cures Constination. Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Nervous Exhaustion and Revitalizes the Whole Body.



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KANSAS CITY, Mu., Dec. 22, 1899.
Mr. Alois P. Swoboda. Chicago. Ill.
My Dear Mr. Swoboda:—Although it is less than
two months since I first commenced work at your
system of physiological exercise I am most thoroughly
convinced that your system is a decided success. A
comparative statement of my measurements will
show you what I have accomplished in the short
period of less than two months.

MEASUREMENTS.

	At beginning.	in 60 days
Chest	normal 33 contracted 31¾	381/2
4.6	expanded 341/2	391/2
Waist	29	29
	131/4	
	8 101/4	
	rms 95%	
Weigh	11	150
Heigh	t 5 8½	5 81/2

In addition to this large increased muscular development my general health is decidedly improved Thanking you for what you have done for me and with best wishes for your continued success. I am, Very sincerely, T. O. JENNINGS, Contg. Fgt. Agt

Pupils are both sexes ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition individual instructions are given in each case.

Write at once, mentioning this magazine, for full information and convincing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 57 Washington St., CHICAGO.

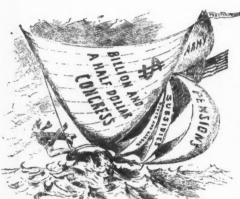


WILL THEY GET IN? From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.



UNCLE SAM: "Horrible, horrible barbarity! Isu't it?" MINISTER WU: "Simply horrible."

From The Chicago Daily News.



TIME TO SHORTEN SAIL, OLD MAN. From The New York World.



JOHN BULL: "I wonder whether Edward can make pies like mother made."

From The New York World.



THE POLICY OF THE "OPEN JAR."--RUSSIA'S POLICY IN

From Judy, of London.



WORK FOR THE NEW KING. From the Philadelphia North American.

The majority of those who hear the Aeolian for the first time express surprise. saying they had been unable to comprehend until then what it was like. Many of our patrons, after hearing the instrument six months, go out of their way to tell us of the pleasure they have derived from their purchase, evincing a degree of enthusiasm which leaves no room for doubt as to their complete conversion.

This enthusiasm is the rule, not the exception. Why is it?

Unquestionably it argues that the Aeolian is worthy of your attention, and that every day you delay your investigation of the instrument you are cutting yourself off from a source of pleasure about which you might become equally enthusiastic.

We reproduce extracts from a few letters from our These letters bear the signatures of some of the most prominent people in this country.

. . . "Having had the Aeolian over ten years, changing it occasionally as improvements have been made, I feel under no consideration could I be induced to part with it. It is a soul-harmonizer, eliminating the fret and care which business brings, and for this reason alone worth its weight in gold."

.. "The possibility to the musical layman to play anything at sight, and thereafter learning to put delicate shading into it at will, without having had the drudgery of practising for years, is a joy which one does not fully appreciate until he has tried it.

. "It soothes the soul of the business man after the toil and worry of the day — at least that is my experience

We make Aeolians costing from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and we make Aeolians which can be bought for as little

t it ? "

make

The smallest instrument embodies the same principles, is just as perfect in construction, and plays just as many selections as the most expensive styles.

Aeolians may be purchased by moderate monthly payments when desired.

You are invited to visit at our warerooms, if for no other reason than to learn more about this remarkable instrument — what it is and what it will do. If you are unable to call, and the subject interests you, we shall be pleased to send you a descriptive catalogue.

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STYLE GRAND. PRICE, \$750



"LEAVE THAT POOR OLD STRANDED WRECK AND PULL FOR THE SHORE."

From the Minneapolis Journal.



UNCLE SAM: "It looks to me like a hazardous piece of business."

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE THE-OH, WELL, WHAT'S THE USE OF RUBBING IT IN?

From the Minneapolis Tribune.



KRÜGER (gazing at Kaiser Wilhelm's helmet): "I thought that an eagle stood there."

From Le Rire, of Paris.



DEAD AGAIN.



RECENT HAPPENINGS.
From The De Moines Leader.



the scope and purpose of government in home matters.

Mr. Randolph, after dwelling upon the unwillingness of the Administration and Congress to consider Porto Rico and the Philippines an integral part of the United States, subject to the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof for all the people, points out that "anxiety to rule the Philippines free from constitutional restrictions is even more marked among our people than the unwillingness to consider them as part of the United States." This is only a natural progression of thought. It does not matter to people ready to break with our traditions whether the Philippines are or are not a part of our territory if they may be governed as dependent parts, owned by us but subject to our will and not entitled to every privilege guaranteed to our people proper by the Constitution.

There is no lack of common sense among There is no American, prob-Americans. ably, who does not believe that the sentiment of the Filipinos is adverse to our control, and that such being the case, if given the opportunity under any ordinary extension of the right of suffrage, they will vote themselves out from under our con-Every one sees, then, that if we intend to hold the Philippine Islands we must fit the means to the end and refuse to the Filipinos any considerable autonomy. Neither are Americans free from anxiety as to the effect that three, four or five Filipino states would exert upon us at home when their Senators and Representatives were seated at Washington. What would be the character of these persons and what the political alliances? Our annexationists of the latter-day school are only hedging against themselves.

While unable for lack of space to follow Mr. Randolph's argument that the Constitution does by its own force go wherever there is territory owned by the United States and that it is the supreme law there whenever civil government begins, I commend it to the attention of persons who desire sound information. Congress may try to get away from the proposition, the Supreme Court itself may seem to point the way to do so, but the Constitution will remain, and as each question occurs the

Constitutional question will recur with the certainty that, whatever may be held in any exigency, the tendency will always exist to come back to the simple conclusion that the Constitution is supreme and that what cannot be done under it in the old territory cannot with acceptance be done under it in any territory which we control.

For instance, the Thirteenth Amendment reads: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." Does any one believe that the courts will take any note of the difference between the "United States" and "any place subject to their jurisdiction" or would do so if these latter words were omitted? Slavery is forbidden by the Constitution; it is now abhorrent to the sentiment of all our people, and with or without the latter words the courts would instantly set free the slave brought before them. The American people will not have a double standard of principles long. They will give no geographical bounds to principles. It matters little in the long run whether the Constitution is the supreme law at once in newly acquired territory. It will become so in good season as one after another of its provisions is asserted by the Supreme Court in review of legislation by Congress, or the usurpation of legislative functions by the President. Our people understand this, and, not being willing as yet to surrender the control of the Filipinos, are simply trying to find a way to hold them.

Mr. Randolph presents a plan for the solution of the Philippine question. This may be briefly summarized as an early recognition of the Filipino people as a nation and the extension to it of a protectorate. This, I take it, would involve a military occupation of the islands for some time, as in Cuba.

It was my own belief originally that all war in the Philippines might have been averted if we had acted on the plan of recognizing what might be considered de facto governments of the people near this or that port reserved for our own control, and of making treaties with them. It seems to me still that this plan might be followed, and I should think it a better one than that proposed by Mr. Randolph, for

homogeneous stock and that no government established in any part could exercise control over all parts of the islands. The Cubans may come together in convention and make a constitution for all their people, but not the Filipinos-at least, not for a long period.

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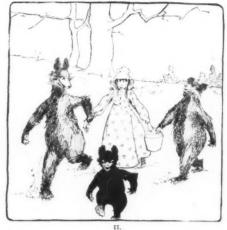
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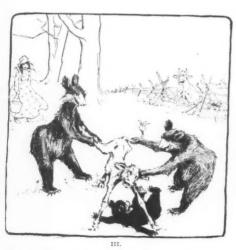
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